

STORIES ALWAYS NEW



CORA MORRIS



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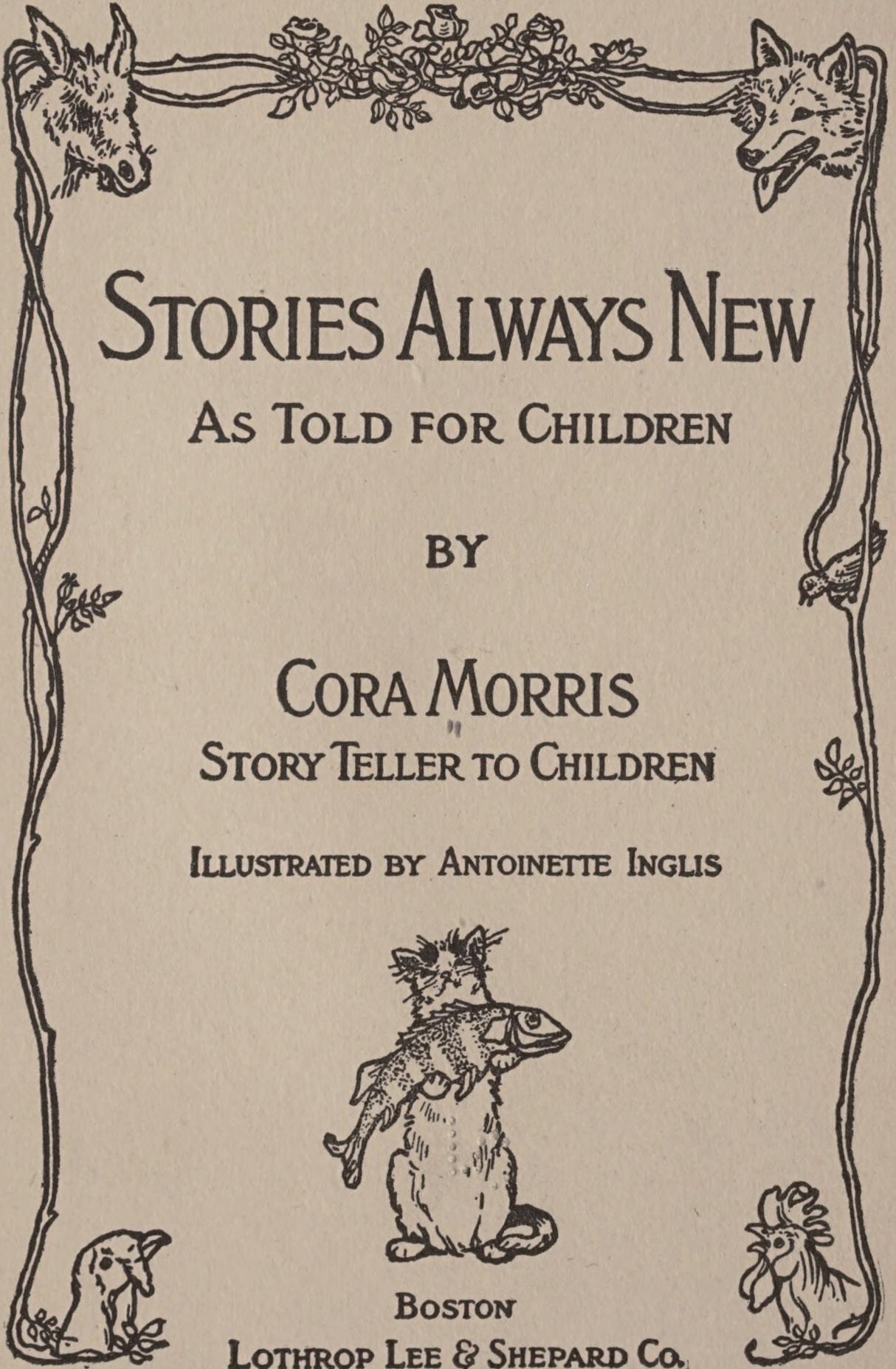
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STORIES ALWAYS NEW



“ STRAIGHT TO THE KING SHE WENT.”



STORIES ALWAYS NEW

As TOLD FOR CHILDREN

BY

CORA MORRIS
STORY TELLER TO CHILDREN

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTOINETTE INGLIS

BOSTON
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD Co.

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STORIES ALWAYS NEW

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TO ALL THE CHILDREN
TO WHOM I HAVE TOLD THESE STORIES
AND
TO ALL THE CHILDREN
TO WHOM I SHALL TELL THESE STORIES
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

PREFACE

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS:

So many of you and your mothers are asking, "Where can we find good stories?" that I have decided to bring together in a book for you some of the stories that I like to tell, just as I have told them, and I hope that you will like the book.

I have thought—and thought—of what stories you would like best; at first, I thought that, of course, these stories must be about fairies, because you are all so fond of fairies.

And then, later, I thought that you would like better, stories of your own land, and of overseas countries—old stories—and new stories—but no matter how often you read them—always new.

And so, in this book, there are stories of America, and England, and Italy, and France, and Belgium.

There are stories of the Indians, and of the

Pilgrims, in America; and of course, there must be stories of Fairies, too, and so there are stories of the Fairies in England; and if you have never seen a Fairy and you read carefully the story—"Did You Ever See a Fairy?"—perhaps—some day—you may see one. And from Italy there is the story of a cat, and another of a dog, and the story of "Gigi and the Magic Ring," and the story of a little Italian girl and her Christmas gift. And there is "Beauté Dormante," the fairy tale best loved by French children, and the story of Jeanne d'Arc—their own Saint Jeanne—the most beloved saint of the children of France. And from Belgium there is—"Sugar-Candy House"—

"The story that the old woman who was called Tante Sanna told to the little boy who would always be talking"—

and another story, "The Choristers of St. Gudule," at which you will be sure to laugh. And there is the story of the little Belgian boy who knew and loved our soldiers in Belgium. And I hope that when you have read these

stories you will feel better acquainted with those children of the Pilgrims, who, so long ago, came to America.

And I hope that because you know and love the same stories, you may be better friends with those children who have come from overseas to live among us and to be, with you, the future men and women of America.

And the name of the book is—**STORIES ALWAYS NEW.**

CORA MORRIS.

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STORIES OF AMERICA

STORIES ALWAYS NEW

“MY GRANDFATHER TOLD ME”

LONG ago, when there were no white people living in this country of ours, the Indians gathered about the camp fires at night and the old men of the tribes told stories of fire, and water, and the animals, the adventures of men, and of the Great Spirit, and instead of beginning the stories as we do, “Once upon a time,” they always said, “My grandfather told me.”

WHY TURKEYS HAVE RED EYES

My grandfather told me, that, long ago, in a thicket near a river stood the lodge of the little gray Rabbit. The little gray Rabbit's father and mother were both dead and his old grandmother lived with him and kept house for him. They were very poor and some days

they had scarcely enough to eat. One day when they sat down to dinner, all that they had to eat was one small handful of dried corn.

Then said the little gray Rabbit, "Grandmother, this will never do. I must go out on the prairie and hunt for game."

His grandmother laughed and said, "Grandson, you cannot go hunting for game. You are too little to hunt for game."

But the little gray Rabbit took his game-bag and started bravely out over the prairie. When he had gone but a little way he saw some wild Turkeys feeding among the arrow-weeds.

"Oho!" said the little gray Rabbit, "How nice and fat the Turkeys are. I wonder how I can catch some of them."

He sat down on the ground and thought a while. Then he took off his robe and filled it with dry grass and rolled it up in a bundle.

"And now, I think," said he, "that I can catch some of those Turkeys." He put the bundle on his back and began to run. The Turkeys heard him coming and lifted their heads to look out over the arrow-weeds. "Ho,

little brother Rabbit!" they cried. "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"Oh, the villagers are giving a dance," said the little gray Rabbit, "and they wish me to sing for them while they dance. I have my songs in this bundle on my back, and I am in a very great hurry."

"Oh, he has his songs in that bundle on his back," said the Turkeys. "How wonderful!" And then they called, "Little brother Rabbit, stay and sing for us to dance a while."

"No, I cannot. I am in a very great hurry," said the little gray Rabbit.

"No, no! do not go! Stay and sing for us just a little while," begged the Turkeys.

"Well," said the little gray Rabbit, "I will stay and sing for you to dance a little while, but you must make haste. Come and gather round me, all of you."

All of the Turkeys came and stood in a circle around the little gray Rabbit.

"Now," said the little gray Rabbit, "I will sing for you to dance. You must dance round me in a circle, and, as you dance, all you fat Turkeys must come quite close to me.

And you must all keep your eyes shut tight,
for if you open them they will turn red!"

Then the Turkeys began to dance in a great circle around the little gray Rabbit, and as they danced the little gray Rabbit sat in the center and sang:

"Alas for him who looks!
Eyes will be red; eyes will be red!
Alas for him who looks!
Eyes will be red; eyes will be red!"

And as the Turkeys danced round him, every time that a fat Turkey came near him the little gray Rabbit caught him and knocked him on the head and put him in his game-bag.

But after a while one young Turkey grew tired of keeping his eyes closed and opened one eye a little, just in time to see the little gray Rabbit putting a fat Turkey into his game-bag.

And the young Turkey began to scream:

"Look ye! Look ye!
The little gray Rabbit is killing us!
Look ye! Look ye!"

And then all the Turkeys opened their eyes and flew away with a great flapping of their wings.

But the little gray Rabbit did not mind for he had his game-bag well filled. He was very proud to carry it home and show it to his grandmother.

When he came to the lodge he gave the bag of Turkeys to his grandmother and said, "And now, Grandmother, I must go out to find some sticks to build a fire and while I am gone you must watch the bag—and you must be sure not to open it."

The little gray Rabbit went out to hunt for wood and the old grandmother sat watching the bag. After a while she began to wonder what was in it. And then she thought, "Surely it can do no harm to open it just a little." And so—she untied the string about the mouth of the bag—and out burst the Turkeys! They knocked the old grandmother down and out they flew through the smoke-hole; all excepting one small Turkey which she managed to catch by the legs.

And when the little gray Rabbit came and

he saw what had happened he was very angry.

He said, "Grandmother, I told you not to open the bag!"

Then the old grandmother began to weep, and she said, "Even so, Grandson. Even so."

And when they sat down to eat they had only one small Turkey between them.

And ever since that time, Turkeys have had red eyes, and the Indians say that it is because they opened their eyes and looked when the little gray Rabbit was singing for them to dance.

(Adapted from "Myths of the Red Children" by Gilbert L. Wilson. Used by permission of Ginn and Company.)

THE COMING OF THE PILGRIMS

A LONG time ago, more than three hundred years ago, there were in England a great many people who were very unhappy because the king would not let them pray to God in their own way. The king said that they must say the same prayers that he did. Many of them would not say the king's prayers and were thrown into prison or punished in other ways. After a while these people decided to go away from England to a country where they might pray to God as they wished, and so the men with their wives and children left England and went to live in Holland. And then it was that they were first called Pilgrims. Pilgrims, you know, are people who are always traveling about seeking for something which they love, or for a better and happier place in which to live.

For twelve years the Pilgrims lived in Holland. They worked very hard there and they

were very poor, and when their children began to grow up they were not like English children, but spoke Dutch and were like the children of Holland with whom they played. The Pilgrim fathers and mothers said, "This will not do. Our children must grow up to be like English men and women. We must seek a new home."

And so they did a great deal of thinking, and they talked together, and they wrote to their friends, and at last they decided to leave Holland and come to America. And then one day the Pilgrim fathers and mothers and children said farewell to their friends in Holland and sailed on the ship *Speedwell* for England. There they met a number of their friends who had decided to come with them to America, and they all started away on two ships, the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell*. Before they had been out many days they found that the *Speedwell* was not a strong enough ship to cross the ocean safely and so both ships went back to England. Some of the passengers from the *Speedwell* went on board the *Mayflower*, and then the *Mayflower*, alone, put out

to sea, and once more the Pilgrims started on their journey to America.

There were one hundred and two people on board the *Mayflower*,—fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, and little children. It was a small ship and they were crowded; the weather was cold; the sea was rough; they were more than two months crossing, and it seemed to the children a long and tiresome journey. I think that you would like to know who some of the Pilgrim children were. They were Mary Chilton, Remember and Mary Allerton, Faith, Patience, Love, and Fear Brewster, four little sisters; John and Francis Billington, two brothers who were always in mischief; and Constance and Giles Hopkins, a little sister and brother to whom was born, on the way over, a baby brother. All the children loved this baby very much and they wished to help to name him. Giles asked to name him Jan after a playmate in Holland but his parents did not wish to give him a Dutch name. His sister, Constance, said, “Why not name him Ocean because he was born out in the middle of the ocean?” The

good minister, Elder Brewster, said, "Why not name him Oceanus?" And so they named the baby, Oceanus Hopkins.

There were two dogs on board the *Mayflower* which were great pets and the children ran up and down the deck with them, and sometimes they saw great whales sunning themselves in the water. But it was very hard to think of things to play, that long two months on shipboard, when the wind blew and the ship rocked, and they had seen not much but water everywhere for days and days—and sometimes they got into mischief. One day, Francis Billington got a loaded gun and shot it off in the cabin where was kept a barrel of gunpowder. Sparks were scattered about and the ship and all on board narrowly escaped being blown up and the voyage ended.

At last they came in sight of land and the Pilgrim children were filled with joy for they were very tired of being on the ship. "And now," said Faith Brewster, "we can run about and play on the ground and there will be birds and flowers." But the Pilgrim children were disappointed for it was cold November and

there were no leaves on the trees and there was nothing to be seen but rocks and hard bare ground.

A number of the Pilgrim fathers with brave Captain Miles Standish went ashore to find a place where they would like to live, and they thought, too, that they might find some white people there. They went ashore from the ship in a small boat. Some of the Pilgrim mothers and children went with them. They landed on a spot now called Plymouth Rock. And who do you suppose was the first person to spring from the boat to the shore?— None other than the little girl, Mary Chilton! She said, “I will be the first one ashore; I will be the first to step on that rock!” And if, some day, you go to Plymouth, you can see the very rock on which she set foot.

The men went from the ship three times before they found the place which they chose for a home; a place where there were “fields and little running brooks.” They did not find any white men, but the first day that they went ashore, they saw two Indians with two dogs, and the Indians ran away when they saw the

white men. They found some dried corn, the first that they had ever seen, which the Indians had buried in a mound of sand to store away for the winter. They dug it up with their swords and filled a kettle and their pockets with it. After that they saw a great many Indians; some of whom shot at them with their bows and arrows, but the most of them ran away when they saw the white men.

For some time the Pilgrims went back and forth from the ship to the land, sleeping at night on the ship. But on Christmas Day they began to build their first house. There was snow, it was cold, and they were tired after their long journey. They did not have enough food to eat or the right kinds, and they were taken sick one after the other, until half of their number were sick at one time. Those who were well cared for the sick. Before spring half of those brave Pilgrims had died, but they never thought of giving up and going back to England. When spring came they had built a number of houses on either side of a little street.

Many of the Indians were unfriendly and

the Pilgrims had always to carry their guns about with them for fear of an attack by these Indians. But one day, in the early spring, much to their surprise, an Indian, without any show of fear, walked straight down the street to the store-house where a number of men were gathered together, and said, in very good English, "Welcome, Englishmen!" His name was Samoset and he had come from a tribe of Indians in Maine. He had met English fishermen and had learned from them to speak English.

Samoset was very friendly and he told the Pilgrims many things which they wished to know about the Indians. He also carried messages from the Pilgrims to the Indians, who, when they learned that they had nothing to fear from the Pilgrims, came to visit them and to bring their furs to trade with them. With Samoset, one day, came the great chief, Massasoit and a number of his warriors to promise to the Pilgrims their friendship.

And Samoset brought to the Pilgrims another Indian, named Squanto, who, also, could speak English. Squanto stayed with them

and taught them how to plant their corn and peas and barley and wheat. One day, John Billington, one of the children who was always in mischief, and brother of Francis Billington, who had nearly blown up the *Mayflower*, wandered away and was lost in the woods. The Pilgrim fathers and Squanto with a number of other Indians searched for several days for him and at last they found him with a tribe of Indians some distance away. Had it not been for Squanto he would not have been found.

During the summer the Pilgrim children were very happy, playing in the sunshine, among the flowers, and in the cool pine woods near by. And they had a new little playfellow —there had been born to a Pilgrim father and mother another tiny Pilgrim baby and his name was Peregrine White. And sometimes an Indian squaw came bringing her little black-eyed papoose, and the children stood about, with eyes wide open, looking at him in his queer cradle hung on his mother's back. And sometimes, too, the older Indian children

came, and then they ran races together and shot with bows and arrows.

When fall came, the Pilgrims harvested the crops of corn and wheat and barley. They found that they had scarcely enough to last through the coming winter; yet such was their faith in God and their thankfulness to Him for all his goodness to them that the Pilgrim fathers and mothers and children gathered together in their church and gave thanks to Him.

And then, Governor Winthrop said that they would have a thanksgiving feast and invite all of the friendly Indians to come and rejoice with them. He sent four men out hunting and they brought in five deer and many wild ducks and turkeys. The Pilgrim mothers cooked the deer meat and roasted the ducks and turkeys and made bread and cake. And the Pilgrim children stood about and watched their mothers, just as you watch your mother cook the Thanksgiving dinner. And they helped some, too.

On the day of the feast, the Indians came, ninety of them, with their chief, Massasoit—

all dressed in their very best. They were dressed in deerskins; in their hair were foxes' tails, and from their arms hung the skins of wild cats. And some of them had their faces painted across in streaks of black and white, or black, red, and white.

The Indians stayed three whole days, and they ran races, and danced, and played games with the children, and shot at a mark with their bows and arrows. And at each meal, before eating, the Pilgrims and the Indians thanked God for his goodness. And they had the first Thanksgiving Day in our country.

And so a year had passed since that cold, stormy December when the Pilgrims had landed at Plymouth. They had lived in fear of unfriendly Indians; they had many times been cold, and hungry, and sick, and sad; more than half of their number had died—and still those brave men and women had no thought but to make for themselves a home in a country where they and their children might live and worship God as they chose.

And this is the story which fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers

tell to-day to their children, of how, three hundred years ago, a little band of Pilgrim fathers and mothers and children came to America, and of how brave they were, and of how much we owe to them.

(Version by the Story-teller.)

LITTLE FEAR BREWSTER AND HER DOLL

IN a log house, on the one street of Plymouth, lived Elder Brewster with his wife and four little girls, Faith, Patience, Love, and Fear, and Aunt Patience. They had all come to America on the good ship *Mayflower*, except Aunt Patience who had come later.

It was the tenth of January, the birthday of little Fear Brewster, and Faith wished to give a birthday present to her little sister, but in those days when there were no stores where one could buy wonderful toys and dolls, and the few toys and dolls which the children had, were made at home, often by the children themselves, it was very hard to think of something for a birthday present. Faith had thought—and thought, and only that very morning had she decided what it was to be. It was to be—a doll! Not such a doll as you have, with curly hair, and eyes that open and shut, and

when you squeeze her she will cry. But still, quite a wonderful doll. As Faith lay in her bed that morning she had planned how she would make her.

Of course, the doll was to be a surprise, and so, after breakfast, she had whispered the secret to her sister, Love, and asked her if she would not coax Fear to go for a walk that morning. As soon as they had started, Faith took from the wood-box a piece of wood which she smoothed with a knife and then she whittled a little knob on the end of it, which she covered with a piece of white linen for a head, and on it, with a bit of charcoal from the fire, she drew a face, and with a dried berry moistened with water, she stained the lips and cheeks red.

And then, down by the window she sat with scissors, needle and thread, and a piece of blue linen which her mother had given her. From the linen she cut a tiny dress and with neat stitches she made it. She made a little white apron and a white kerchief, and a little pink sunbonnet, too. When they were all done, she dressed the doll. She had just finished

when she saw Love and Fear coming from their walk. Quickly she ran to the table, pulled out Fear's chair and placed the doll on it and pushed the chair well under the table.

The children came in, their faces rosy with the cold. Mistress Brewster was just putting the dinner on the table. Love and Fear took off their capes and bonnets and hung them up on pegs in the wall. And then they all gathered about the table. And while they stood, Elder Brewster gave thanks to God, who "had given them to suck the abundance of the seas, and the treasures hid in the sands."

They pulled out their chairs to sit at the table—and what a surprise for little Fear! For a moment she stood speechless, and then she caught up the doll and held her close in her arms—and then she held her off to look at her. And she said, "She shall be named Constance Hopkins!" Constance Hopkins was a little friend of Fear's who had come with her on the *Mayflower*, and with whom she often played.

Fear was so delighted with her doll that she could scarcely take time to eat her dinner.

After dinner she took a nap—and she lay down with Constance Hopkins clasped close in her arms, and soon she was fast asleep—but you could not have told whether or not Constance Hopkins slept, because, sleeping or waking, she never closed her eyes.

While Fear slept, Patience and Love washed the dishes, and Faith swept the kitchen, and from its nail in the chimney corner, she took down a turkey wing and brushed every speck of dust from the hearth. Mistress Brewster quietly moved about in the room where Fear slept, getting ready the clothing which was to be worn to meeting the next day, which was the Sabbath. After the clothes were well brushed she laid them on chairs, ready for the family to wear on Sunday morning.

The Sabbath to the Pilgrims was a holy day and no work which could be done the day before was ever left over to be done on that day. Even the Sunday dinner was cooked on Saturday.

When the work was finished and Fear had awakened from her nap, there came a knock at

the door; Patience ran and opened it, and there stood John and Francis Billington and Giles Hopkins.

“Come out and play,” said Giles.

The boys came into the kitchen to wait while Faith, Patience, Love, and Fear put on their capes and bonnets.

Fear brought Constance Hopkins, of whom she was very proud, to show to the boys. She set her on the high wooden settle near the fireplace where Francis Billington stood warming his fingers. When Fear’s back was turned Francis Billington slyly picked up Constance Hopkins—and tucked her into his pocket, thinking that she would miss the doll before they went out of doors and that he would have some fun.

But Fear did not notice that Constance Hopkins had disappeared; Francis forgot all about her, and they went out to play.

“Let us build a snow fort,” said John Billington, “and Giles and Francis and I will be Indians.”

They built a fort of snow, and John and Francis and Giles stuck feathers in their hats

and played that they were Indians attacking the fort. The girls hid behind the walls. Thick and fast flew the snow balls. Just as they were having the greatest fun, they heard the "Boom! Boom!" of the sunset gun. This meant that the Sabbath Day had begun. For the Pilgrims the Sabbath began at sunset, Saturday, and ended at the setting of the sun on Sunday. The Pilgrim children were not allowed to play after the sunset gun was heard. The boys started homeward, and Faith, Patience, Love, and Fear went into the house.

Fear went at once to get her doll—but Constance Hopkins was nowhere to be found.

"Why, wherever can she be? I am sure that I left her on the settle," thought Fear.

Mistress Brewster, coming into the room, found her looking anxiously all about for the doll.

"Little girls must not play with their dolls on the Sabbath Day," said Mistress Brewster. "You will surely find her to-morrow."

After the evening meal, the tallow candles were lighted and Elder Brewster and his family gathered about the fireplace and spent the

evening reading the Bible and learning verses from it.

The next morning they were awake early and up—and still Constance Hopkins had not come back.

The family had breakfast and then they had prayers. They did just what work must be done and dressed for meeting. Elder Brewster covered the fire so that it would not go out while they were away and then he took down his gun from its place on the wall and looked to see that it was ready for use, for every man carried his gun with him everywhere that he went—even to church, for there might be unfriendly Indians near. Faith, Patience, Love, and Fear were nearly ready to go to meeting. Little Fear was the last to put on her cape—she was wondering so hard where Constance Hopkins could be that she could scarcely dress herself. In those days there were no church bells, and when a drum was sounded the people came from their homes and met together in front of the captain's house, and from there they marched, three abreast, to the meeting-house.

When the drum sounded, out came Elder Brewster and his wife and Aunt Patience and the little girls. Fear came last, walking slowly. She did not talk, and she seemed to have something on her mind. She was still thinking about Constance Hopkins.

When they reached the meeting-house, Elder Brewster led his family to their pew, which was like a large box with seats around the sides. He opened the little door for them to go in. First, Love went in, and then Faith and Patience and Fear, and last, Mistress Brewster.

Aunt Patience sat with the other young girls.

When all the people were seated, Elder Brewster mounted the high steps to the pulpit. The services began with a long prayer and reading from the Scriptures. And then a hymn was sung. Very few people had hymn-books. Elder Brewster read two lines of the hymn and the people sang them to a tune which they knew. Then he read two more lines and they sang them, and so on, until they had sung the entire hymn. And

then the sermon began. The sermon was often three or four hours long. It was very hard for the children to sit still and listen during the time because there was so little which they could understand. The tiny windows of the church, with their diamond-shaped panes, gave little light; the church was quite dim, and the children often were very sleepy.

The boys were not allowed to sit with their fathers and mothers. They sat either in the gallery or on the high pulpit stairs. They behaved well until Elder Brewster had preached about an hour and then they began to grow restless.

Suddenly, Francis Billington felt something hard in his pocket. He wondered what it was—and, to his surprise—he drew out—Constance Hopkins! He had forgotten all about the doll. On one side of Francis sat his brother John, and on the other side, sat Giles Hopkins. When the boys saw Constance Hopkins they quite forgot where they were and they shook with laughter. Francis's face grew very red and he tucked the doll into his pocket. Then the boys remembered that they

were in meeting, and sat up very straight and tried to look as if nothing had happened; but not before the tithing-man had seen them.

At the back of the room, on a high seat, so that he could see every one, sat the tithing-man. In his hand he held a long rod with a rabbit's foot on one end, and on the other end a rabbit's tail. When he saw Francis and John and Giles laughing, he quietly got down from his seat, stole up behind them, and gave them each a sharp rap on the head! And Francis and John and Giles were suddenly very quiet.

On his way back to his seat, the tithing-man saw Goodwife Chilton nodding—and he stepped round to her pew and tickled her forehead with the rabbit's tail. She awoke with a start and was very much ashamed to have been caught napping.

When Fear saw Francis Billington take Constance Hopkins from his pocket she was so surprised that she gave a little gasp. To be sure, she had been wondering where Constance Hopkins was—but she had never once thought that she might be right there in church.

She saw the boys laugh—and when she saw the tithing-man steal up behind them and rap their heads with the end of his rod—she clapped her rosy fingers over her lips, but in spite of that—she gave a soft little giggle. Elder Brewster looked sternly at her from the pulpit and her mother leaned over and whispered, “Do you want the tithing-man to come and get you, too?”

Fear shook her head. She was very much afraid of the tithing-man. Elder Brewster went on with the sermon. Twice more the tithing-man turned the hour-glass. In those days, but few people could afford to have clocks, and so they had hour-glasses. It took just one hour for the fine sand in the glass to run from the upper part of the glass through the tiny hole into the lower part. And then the tithing-man turned the glass over and once more the glass began to tell another hour. When the glass had been turned three times, Elder Brewster closed the sermon, the people went up to the front and put their offering into a box held by one of the elders, and then they all marched home as they had come.

Soon after Elder Brewster and his family had reached home, there came a knock on the door. Fear opened the door—and there on the doorstep sat Constance Hopkins, gazing straight ahead of her from the depths of her pink sunbonnet. Francis Billington had left her there, on his way from church.

Fear took the doll inside and her mother put her away until the Sabbath Day should be ended.

After dinner Elder Brewster took Fear on his knee and said, "Fear, can you tell me the lesson for to-day?"

Fear hung her head for shame. She could not remember one word. And then her father said, "'Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy.'"

That afternoon there was another long service (to which Constance Hopkins did not go).

At sunset, the Sabbath Day ended. Mistress Brewster brought out her spinning—and she took from the cupboard—Constance Hopkins.

For several minutes Fear sat and looked at

Constance Hopkins, and then she said, "I think that it is best for you not to go again to meeting, Constance Hopkins!"

(Told by the Story-teller.)



THERE ON THE DOORSTEP SAT CONSTANCE HOPKINS.

WHEN JOHN BILLINGTON WAS LOST

IN those days when first the Pilgrims came to America, Master and Mistress Billington, with their two boys, John and Francis, lived on a farm a few miles from Plymouth.

There were no other children living near with whom John and Francis could play, but they were never lonely, for they had each other, and they were always full of mischief. And sometimes they went to Plymouth to visit their friend, Giles Hopkins, another boy who had come from England with them on the *Mayflower*.

Not far from the farm lived a tribe of Indians. These Indians often came to the house to trade their furs for blankets and other things which they could not make. One day, a squaw came, bringing her little papoose who was very ill. She asked the white woman to make him well. Mistress Billington took him and cared

for him, and soon he was quite well and fast asleep in his queer little cradle. Then the Indian woman hung the cradle, papoose and all, upon her back, and went home to her wigwam. She was very thankful to Mistress Billington and came often to see her, and, once when she came, she brought to the boys three arrows. John and Francis were much pleased and planned to go some day to the forest to find an ash-tree from which to make bows to shoot their arrows.

One day, late in August, Master Billington said, "Boys, Mother and I must go to-day to Plymouth. We expect to be home before dark, but if we have to stay until to-morrow, just bolt the door and you will be quite safe." Then they made ready to start. Mistress Billington set on the table, for the boys, a lunch of bread and meat and a sweet cake of which she knew they were fond. Master Billington told them that they might go fishing that afternoon, if they would not venture too far away from home. As they were leaving, Mistress Billington said, "If we do not come back to-night, be sure not to forget to cover the

fire with ashes, before you go to bed." In those days, they had no matches, and it was very hard to start the fire, and so, at night, they covered the coals with ashes to keep the fire alive until morning. And if the fire went out, they had to go to the neighbors for coals to kindle it.

John and Francis sat on the doorstep and watched their father and mother until they were no longer in sight. For a while they played with the dog and her two puppies and soon it was time for dinner. They ate their bread and meat and sweet cakes and then they got their fishpoles to go to the stream to fish. As they were about to start, John said, "Perhaps we can find an ash-tree, and I can make a bow for my arrows. I will take the hatchet to cut down the tree. And I will take my arrows, too."

They started, carrying their fishpoles; John carrying the hatchet and wearing on his shoulder a quiver holding his arrows.

Soon they came to the stream, and at each deep, dark pool they stopped and dropped in their lines, and from under the bank darted a

shining trout—there was a sudden jerk of the line—a swing of the pole—and on the bank lay a fish.

When they had caught six fish, Francis said, "Now, we can go home."

"No," said John, "let us go on a little farther and look for an ash-tree."

"You go," said Francis. "I will wait here."

John started on, leaving his fishpole on the ground beside the stump of a tree.

When he had gone a short distance, he saw an ash-tree, but when he came close to it, he found that it was too large. And so, on he went, looking all about him for a small ash-tree. At last, he found one, and with three blows of the hatchet, he cut it down. He cut from the tree a piece of wood about twice the length of an arrow, and then he sat down on a log and with his knife he shaped and smoothed it. When it was finished he took from his pocket a strip of leather for the string and fastened it to both ends of the bow. He placed an arrow on the bow, pointed it, and drew the bow. Away whizzed the arrow. But only for a short distance. After a few

days, when the wood had seasoned and dried, it would be a fine bow and shoot far and straight.

He ran and picked up the arrow, and then, taking up the hatchet, he turned to go home, and, for the first time, he noticed that the sun had gone down and that it was quite dusk.

“It will soon be dark,” he thought. “I must hurry home. I did not think that I had been gone so long. It took a long time to make that bow . . . I wonder if Francis is still waiting for me. I believe I will call to him.”

“Francis! Oh, Francis!” He called again and again, but there was no answer. Francis had tired of the long wait and had gone home.

“I shall soon find the stream where we were fishing and I can follow that home,” thought John.

He wandered on for some distance, but there was no sight or sound of the stream. It grew darker and darker. The underbrush became thicker, and he stumbled and fell, and then he knew how tired and hungry he was, and he knew that it was of no use to try to go farther in the darkness. He was lost! He began to

feel quite lonely and frightened. There was nothing for him to do but to stay in the woods that night, and perhaps, when morning came, he could find his way home.

For a while he stood, leaning against a tree, straining his eyes to look about him, and then he lay down on the ground which was covered with pine needles. Fortunately it was a warm night. He tried to sleep.

At first, the woods had seemed very still, but now—there seemed to be sounds all around him—the wind in the trees—the rustling in the leaves of small wood creatures—the breaking of a twig, as some larger animal moved about—the drowsy peeping of birds—and the hooting of owls. Once, a deer passed quite near him—and a fox barked in the distance. At every sound he started. In spite of the soft pine needles the ground seemed very hard. He could not sleep. Never before had a night been so long.

The hours passed. At last, the birds began to sing the song of the new day, and there came a faint glow of light in the east. As it grew lighter John stood and looked about him.—

Everywhere were trees; to his disappointment --there was no sign of a stream or a clearing.

He did not know from which way he had come but he decided to walk toward the rising sun. He picked up his bow and arrow and started on. He was very hungry. If he only had something to eat! He wondered if they were having breakfast at home, and he thought of his mother's good bread. He looked about and found some shadberries; he had never liked shadberries, but these tasted very good. He found a spring, trickling from its mossy bed in the rocks, and he stooped and drank of the water. Several times he stopped and shouted—but there was no answer.

He wandered on and about noon he came upon a patch of blueberry-bushes, on which hung heavy clusters of the fruit. He sat on the ground and gathered and ate the berries; for by this time, he was faint with hunger. Suddenly, he heard, a little way off, a crackling sound in the bushes, and he saw—a bear with three cubs! For a moment he was so frightened that it seemed as if his heart stood still—and then he remembered that his father

had once told him that a bear would not harm him if he did not frighten or hurt her cubs, and so, he sat still on the ground, watching them through the bushes.

The mother bear was big and shaggy and the cubs were small and fat and fuzzy. They were eating blueberries from the bushes, and the cubs—like all young things—were so full of play that they could scarcely take time to eat, and they began to play. They cuffed each other, and tumbled about, and bit each other—and when the play was too rough, they would squeal, and then the mother bear would notice that they were not eating, and she would growl at them, as much as to say, “Eat your dinner!” Once, during a “real rough and tumble,” a little cub tried to climb a tree, and another little fellow caught him by the leg and pulled him down on the ground. He squealed and the old bear looked at them and gave a low growl, which seemed to say, “You foolish children!” When the bear and her cubs had eaten their fill of the berries, they trotted away.

By this time John was beginning to feel quite discouraged. Once before, he had wan-

dered away and been lost in the woods, but not for such a long time, and now he thought of all sorts of things which might happen to him. He thought of long days and nights, of being lonely and hungry, and of meeting unfriendly Indians. He wondered if he should ever again see his home, and his brother, and his father and mother. He was so tired that it seemed as if he could go no farther and he sat down on a log to rest. He decided that he would try to find his way back to the place where he had spent the night, and start out again from there. A tree stood close back of the log on which he sat and he leaned back against it and closed his eyes, to rest. When he opened them, he saw, standing not many steps away, an Indian! He had come so quietly that John had not heard him. John sprang to his feet and started to run, but the Indian threw to the ground his bow, and by that John knew that he meant no harm—and so he stood still.

The Indian motioned to John to follow him. They had not gone far when they came to an Indian camp where there were a number of

wigwams, built of poles covered with bark. At the sight of the white boy, Indians seemed to come from all directions. They crowded about John; they looked at him and at his clothing, pointed at him, and talked about him in their own language which he could not understand. They had heard of white people from other Indians who had seen them, but they had never before seen a white boy—and he was a great curiosity to them. At first, John was afraid of them, but they seemed friendly and soon he lost his fear of them.

A very old Indian, who was the chief of the tribe, led John to his wigwam, and there John saw a squaw cooking something to eat. Into a large, wooden bowl she put some pieces of deer meat, some wild rice, and corn, and water. Of course she could not set the wooden bowl on the fire, and so, she heated stones in the fire and dropped them into the bowl with the food. When the stones were cooled she took them out and put in other hot stones—and she did this until the food was cooked. John thought this a strange way to cook, but he was so hungry that the food looked very good to him.

Helping the squaw, was a little Indian girl, and, in his queer cradle, swinging from the branch of a tree, was a black-eyed papoose, playing with a string of shells and bright-colored beads. Soon there came to the wigwam the chief's son, a boy of about John's age. They sat on the ground, and when the food was cooked, the squaw set the bowl before them and the chief and the boy at once began to eat from the bowl. The chief motioned for John to eat with them, and when they had finished, the squaw and the little girl ate what was left.

That night, John slept on a skin spread on the ground, but he was so tired that he rested very well.

Early in the morning the camp was awake and astir. The Indians ate hurriedly and packed their belongings, for that day they were to move their camp to another spot at the distance of about a day's walk. There was nothing for John to do but to go with them.

When all was ready they started. The chief's son walked ahead of John as they went

through the woods. They could not understand each other's language, but he pointed out to John, along the way, bird's nests and squirrels and other things. Late that afternoon, they came to the new camping-place, which was on the edge of a pond. The squaws at once began to put up the wigwams and to spread out the blankets and skins, and soon the camp was in readiness for the night.

The next morning, when John awoke, he was much happier, for he felt sure that his father would search for him and soon find him and he knew that the Indians would care for him until he was found. That day, he and the chief's son ran races, and fished and went swimming together in the pond, and they became very good friends. And so the day passed.

The morning of the second day, as John and the chief's son were about to start away fishing, a tall Indian walked into the camp, and when he saw John, he ran to him and caught him by the arm, and began to talk in English to him.

The Indian was Squanto, a very good

friend of the Pilgrims. For three days he had searched the woods for John.

Francis had waited a long time for John to come back, and then, thinking that he might have returned home by some other way, he had gone to the house. When it began to grow dark, and John had not yet come, he became anxious, and several times he went out of doors and called—but there was no answer. He lighted a candle and set it in the window, hoping that John might see the light. All night long, he watched and waited. In the morning, when Master and Mistress Billington returned, and Francis told them of how John had gone away and had not come back, they were very much worried. Master Billington and Francis went up the stream where the boys had fished and into the forest to the place where John had cut the ash-tree. On the ground, not far from the stump, lay the hatchet, but beyond that there was no trace of John. They went back to the house, and Master Billington hurried to Plymouth, and from there a number of the Pilgrim men and Squanto and other Indians started out to search for the lost boy.

And after three-days' search, Squanto found him.

Squanto told the Indians of how John had been lost; the old chief gave to John a pipe; the chief's son gave him three eagle's feathers, and John gave to him his knife, and then John and Squanto started home.

Late in the afternoon of the next day, they met John's father and several other men.

John ran into his father's arms, crying, "Father! Oh, Father!"

"Him lost! Me find!" said Squanto.

I cannot tell you how happy Mistress Billington was when John came home, for she had spent many sad and anxious hours while he was lost.

When John grew to be a man, he never tired of telling to his children the story of how he was lost in the woods, and of the days which he spent with the Indians.

And, to this day, the pond where Squanto found John Billington, is called "Billington's Sea," in memory of the Pilgrim boy who was lost.

(Told by the Story-teller.)

STORIES OF ENGLAND

THE FAIRIES

THE Fairies have never a penny to spend,
They haven't a thing put by,
But theirs is the dower of bird and flower,
And theirs are the earth and the sky.
And though you should live in a palace of gold
Or sleep in a dried-up ditch,
You could never be as poor as the Fairies are,
And never as rich.

Since ever and ever the world began
They have danced like a ribbon of flame,
They have sung their song through the cen-
turies long,
And yet it is never the same.
And though you be foolish or though you be
wise,
With hair of silver or gold,
You could never be young as the Fairies are,
And never as old.

(From *Punch.*)

DID YOU EVER SEE A FAIRY?

I HAVE heard of children who declared that that had never once seen a fairy. Very likely if they said this in a garden they were standing looking at a fairy all the time. And the reason that they were cheated was that she pretended to be something else. This is one of their best tricks. They usually pretend to be flowers because a flower is the thing least likely to attract attention. They dress exactly like flowers and change with the seasons, putting on white when lilies are in bloom, and blue for bluebells, and so on. They like crocus and hyacinth time best of all, as they like a bit of color, but tulips (except the white ones, which are the fairy cradles) they think are too bright-colored, and they sometimes put off dressing like tulips for days, so that the beginning of tulip season is the best time to catch them.

When they think that you are not looking,

fairies skip along pretty lively, but if you look and they fear that there is no time to hide, they stand quite still, pretending to be flowers. Then, after you have passed without knowing that they were fairies, they rush home and tell their mothers that they have had "such an adventure!"

Wherever there are flowers growing, usually the most of them are really flowers, but some of them are fairies. You never can be sure of them, but a good plan is to walk by, looking the other way, and then turn round suddenly, and maybe you will see one move and then you may know she is a fairy; or you can stand and stare at them—and after a long time they can't help winking, and then you may know for certain that they are fairies.

Once there were numbers of them in a certain garden which was a famous gentle-place (which means a place where fairies often are). Twenty-four of these fairies had an extraordinary adventure. They were a girls' school out for a walk with the governess and all wearing their hyacinth dresses. Suddenly the governess put her finger to her lips and they all

stood still on an empty flower-bed and pretended to be hyacinths. Unfortunately what the governess had heard was two gardeners coming to plant new flowers in that very bed. They were wheeling a hand-cart with the flowers in it and were quite surprised to find flowers in the bed. "A pity to take up those hyacinths," said one gardener. "We must," said the other. "It's the duke's orders." And having emptied the cart, they dug up the boarding-school and put the poor frightened fairies in the cart. Of course, neither the governess nor the girls dare let on that they were fairies, so they were carted far away to a potting shed, out of which they escaped in the night, without their shoes.

And as for fairies' houses—it is no use looking for them, because they are everything that our houses are not. You can see our houses by day but you can't see them by dark—well, you can see their houses by dark but you can't see them by day. Their houses are built of many little pieces of different colored glasses and the fairies are always peeping in at each other's houses and pressing their noses

hard against the glass—and that is why fairies' noses are mostly—snubby!

Fairies never do anything that is useful; everything that they do is "make believe."

The fairies are wonderful dancers. They hold great balls in the open air, in what is called a fairy-ring. For weeks afterward you can see the ring in the grass. It is not there when they begin, but they make it by waltzing round and round. Sometimes you will find mushrooms inside the ring, and these are the fairy chairs which the fairy servants have forgotten to clear away.

When the fairies have a party—if it is in May—the table-cloth is made of chestnut blossoms. The fairy men climb up the trees and shake the branches and the blossoms fall like snow. Then the fairy lady-servants sweep them together by whisking their skirts until it is exactly like a table-cloth. There is bread and butter to begin with and cakes to end with, and they are so small that there are never any crumbs. The fairies sit round on mushrooms and are very well behaved.

Fairies never say, "We feel happy,"—they always say, "We feel dancy!"

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And now—perhaps—if you remember all this—and look very sharp all about you—some day, you may see a fairy!

(Adapted from the *Little White Bird*, by J. M. Barrie;
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TOM THUMB

LONG ago, there lived on the earth a wonderful man named Merlin. Once Merlin was traveling through the country; all day he had walked and when night came he was very tired, and coming to a poor farmer's house he stopped and asked if he might rest a while. The farmer and his wife were kind people and they invited Merlin to come in, and the farmer's wife gave him some milk and brown bread and asked him to stay with them all night.

The farmer's cottage was warm and comfortable but Merlin noticed that the farmer's wife looked very sad. In the morning when he was about to leave, he said to her, "You have a good home. Why are you unhappy?" The woman answered, with tears in her eyes, "I am sad because I have no children. I wish I had a little boy. I should be the happiest woman in the world if only I had a little boy, even if he were no larger than your thumb."

At this Merlin laughed, for he thought the idea of a little boy no larger than his thumb very funny.

On his way home Merlin stopped to see his friend, the Queen of the Fairies, and he told her about the woman who wished for a little boy no larger than his thumb, and he asked her to send to the woman a little son no larger than a man's thumb.

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Ten years later Merlin was again traveling through that part of the country and stopped at the farmer's house. He found the farmer and his wife very happy for they had a little son and he was no larger than his father's thumb.

The farmer's wife was very proud of her little boy and she told Merlin how he was named and dressed.

The Queen of the Fairies flew in at the window one morning and kissed the baby and said, "You shall be named Tom Thumb."

And then, seven little fairies flew into the room and they dressed the baby. They gave him a shirt made of a spider's web and a coat

of thistle-down. They gave him an acorn-cup for a cap, and his shoes were made of a mouse's skin. And then each fairy gave Tom Thumb a kiss, and flew out at the window.

And then Tom Thumb's mother told Merlin some of Tom's adventures, of which he had a great many.

As Tom grew older he never grew any larger than his father's thumb. One day Tom's mother went to the pastures to milk the cow and she took him with her. It was a very windy day and she was afraid that the wind might blow him away and so she tied him with a piece of fine thread to a thistle. The red cow saw the thistle, but she did not see Tom and she took them both up in one mouthful.

Then Tom began to cry, "Oh, Mother! Mother!"

"Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" cried his mother.

"Here, mother, here, in the red cow's mouth!"

Then the poor woman began to cry and

wring her hands, but the cow, surprised at the queer noise in her mouth, opened her mouth and let Tom drop out. His mother caught him up in her apron and ran home with him.

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One morning Tom's father was going to work in the field. Tom wished to help him, and said, "I will go with you and drive the horse home."

His father laughed and said, "You are so little you cannot hold the reins. How can you drive a horse?"

"Oh," said Tom, "I will sit in the horse's ear and tell him which way to go."

When they came to the field, Tom's father put him in the horse's ear, and went to his work.

When Tom's mother saw the horse coming home alone she was frightened and she ran out to see what was the matter.

"Mother, take me down," Tom cried.

"Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" cried his mother.

"I am in the horse's ear," said Tom, "I sat here to tell him which way to go."

Tom's mother was very glad that he could be a help to his father. She took him into the house and that day she gave him half of a blackberry for his dinner.

Tom's father gave him a whip made of barley straw with which to drive the cows. One day when he was driving home the cows he fell into a hole in the ground. A large bird was flying overhead. She saw the straw and thought that she would like it for her nest. So down she flew and caught up Tom and his whip. As she was flying over the river she dropped Tom and down he fell into the water. A big fish saw Tom and swallowed him.

A man soon caught the fish and it was such a large one that he thought it would be a fine present for the king, and so to King Arthur he sent it.

When the fish was opened, out jumped Tom Thumb.

The cook set Tom in a dish and sent him up to the king. And how the king laughed when the cover was taken from the dish and he saw Tom Thumb!

“Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?”

King Arthur was very fond of Tom Thumb and he soon became a great favorite at court. When the king rode out on horseback he often took Tom with him, and if a shower came up, Tom would creep into the king's pocket and sleep there until the rain was over.

By this time the clothes which the fairies had given to Tom were old and worn and King Arthur gave to him new clothes.

And now his shirt was made of a butterfly's wings and his boots of a chicken's skin. At his side hung a needle for a sword, and his horse was a little white mouse. Tom was very proud of his sword and his horse, and thus strutted Tom in stately pride.

King Arthur made him one of his knights. He said, “You shall be called Sir Tom Thumb.”

Tom often rode with the king and his knights. One day when they were riding in the country, a big black cat ran out of a farmhouse and sprang at Tom's horse. Tom fought the cat with his sword and nearly lost

his life. The king's knights came up and saved Tom, but his horse was dead.

And then King Arthur gave to Tom Thumb a coach drawn by six little white mice.

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And these are the adventures of Tom Thumb, as his mother told them, long ago, to Merlin.

(“Tom Thumb,” adapted from the story as it appears in Blaisdell’s CHILD LIFE SECOND READER, used by permission of the Macmillan Company, publishers.)

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE

JUST think of having a fairy godmother, and whenever you said, "*Abracadabra, dum, dum, dum,*" the most wonderful things would happen to you!

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The little Prince of Nomansland was the most beautiful prince that ever was born. Every one said so—and it was really true—and his father and mother, the King and Queen of Nomansland, were very proud of him.

When the little Prince was six weeks old, he was to be christened. At last, the christening day came, and it was as lovely as the Prince himself. By six in the morning all the royal household had dressed itself in its very best; and then the little Prince was dressed in his best—his magnificent christening robe. The company arrived; also the four-and-twenty godfathers and godmothers, chosen by the

King. They came to the palace, walking two by two, with their coronets on their heads—being dukes and duchesses, and princes and princesses—and they all kissed the little Prince and made much of him. And then they went to the chapel for the christening ceremony.

Such a procession! Heralds in blue and silver; pages in crimson and gold; and little girls dressed in dazzling white, carrying baskets of flowers, which they strewed all the way before the nurse and child; the King, walking alone—the poor Queen was ill and could not come to the ceremony—and finally, the four-and-twenty godfathers and godmothers.

“It’s just like fairyland,” whispered one little girl to another, as she shook the last rose from her basket, “and I think the only thing the Prince wants now is a fairy godmother.”

“Does he?” said a soft voice, and there stepped out from among the gay crowd somebody—not a child, yet no bigger than a child—somebody whom nobody had seen before, and who certainly had not been invited to the Prince’s christening.

She was a little old woman all dressed in

gray. Her hair was gray and so were her eyes, and her smile was as sweet as the Prince's own, which he gave to her when she softly laid her hand on him.

"Take care! Do not let the baby fall again," she said to the nurse. The nurse turned pale—for that morning on the way to the christening she had stumbled and let him fall, just at the foot of the marble staircase. He had cried a little and he still looked pale—but she had not supposed that any one knew.

"I am his godmother and I must kiss him," said the little old lady in gray, and before any one had a chance to stop her, she stood on tip-toe and gave to the baby Prince three kisses. And the little Prince smiled his sweetest smile at her. And she said, "Your name shall be Prince Dolor in memory of your mother Dolorez."

And when they looked again—the little old woman was gone.

And his father, the King, said that he should be named Prince Dolor. Everybody loved little Prince Dolor and was kind to him, but after the day of his christening he was not well;

he was pale and thin, and his poor little legs did not grow as the rest of his body did, and when he was a year old his nurse tried to make him stand, but he only tumbled down. The fall, on his christening day, had hurt him so that he could not walk. A great many doctors came to see him, and none of them could do anything to help him. But as he grew older he became stronger.

While he was still quite young his father died. His uncle then became King until Prince Dolor should grow to be a man. His uncle was a wicked man and did not wish the little Prince ever to be King. He wished always to be King himself. He brought to the palace to live, his wife and his seven sons. Very fine the King and his sons looked when they rode out on their horses, and whenever they were seen, the people cried, "Long live the King! Long live the royal family!"

And as for the little Prince Dolor, he was very seldom seen by anybody—and after a while, the little lame Prince was quite forgotten.

All this time, Prince Dolor was living in the

palace; sometimes being carried about in a foot-man's arms, or drawn in a chair, or left to play on the grass—often with nobody to mind him; a little boy with a face just like his mother's—one of the sweetest faces in the world, and a smile for every one. He could not help it, and perhaps he did not know it, but there was something about him which made bad people sorry, and grumbling people ashamed of themselves, and ill-natured people gentle and kind.

At first, the King told the people that Prince Dolor was ill, and then, later, he said that he was dead, and for a while they were sorry, but they soon forgot the little lame Prince. And Prince Dolor was seen no more.

The truth of the matter was this:

Far away beyond the Beautiful Mountains was a high tower, more than a hundred feet high. In the very top of the tower was a perfect little house with four rooms, as safe and as cozy as a bird's nest on the top of a tree. Here were lots of books and toys and everything that a child could wish. But it was a lonely place for a little boy to live with no one for company but his nurse. To this tower

Prince Dolor's uncle sent him and his nurse.

His nurse was very kind to him, and at first he was quite happy, crawling about from room to room, but as he grew older he would sit at the windows and look sadly at the sky above and at the ground below. He was lonely. His nurse taught him to read and to write. After he had learned to read he would sit for hours poring over his books, and he began to long to see the world, of which he read. He would think that if he could only fly out of the window, up to the sky or down to the earth, how nice it would be.

"I wish that I had somebody to tell me all about things," he thought, "some one to really love me. Oh, I want somebody—dreadfully—dreadfully!"

As he spoke, there sounded behind him a slight tap-tap-tap, as of a stick or cane, and twisting himself round, he saw—what do you think he saw?

A little old woman with gray hair and eyes, and her dress was gray, and she had the sweetest smile, and when she spoke, it was in the softest voice.

She laid her tiny hands on his shoulders. "My dear little boy," she said, "I am your godmother. I could not come to you until you said that you wanted me. And now I will come to you whenever you want me, but you must not let your nurse know of my visits."

The Prince was very happy and they talked together for a long time of many things. Finally, she said:

"And now I must leave you, but I will give you a present—something as good as myself to amuse you—something that will take you wherever you wish to go, and show you all that you wish to see."

"What is it?" said the Prince.

"It is a traveling-cloak, and when you wish to use it, you have only to say, '*Abracadabra, dum, dum, dum,*' and it will take you wherever you wish to go."

Just at that moment they heard the nurse coming.

"Hush! she's coming with my dinner," said Prince Dolor.

"Then I must go," said the fairy godmother. "Whenever you want me, I'll fly in at the win-

dow, or down through the chimney. All that you have to do is to wish for me."

And then—the fairy godmother—melted away—just like a rainbow out of the sky.

On the floor beside Prince Dolor lay a little bundle, like a handkerchief rolled into a ball, which he quickly tucked into his pocket. It was, though he did not know this, his wonderful traveling-cloak. He kept it hidden away until the next morning after lessons. When he opened it, it did not look like anything wonderful at all—but just a round piece of dark green cloth, worn and shabby. He put it about his shoulders—it was warm and comfortable. "But it is of no use to me," said the Prince. "I never go out of doors."

He folded it carefully and put it away in a corner of his toy-cupboard.

Soon after that, he fell ill and as he lay on his little bed he thought of his godmother, and he said, "Godmother, dear, have you quite forsaken me?" and suddenly he felt a soft kiss on the back of his neck—and there beside him was the little gray fairy godmother. How glad he was to see her!

“And now tell me what has happened to you since I last saw you,” said she.

Prince Dolor told her how lonely he had been and that he had wished that he could be a bird and fly away.

“Oh, I wish that I could be anything but what I am!” he cried.

“But you mustn’t do that,” said the fairy godmother. “You can’t make yourself any different, nor can I do it either. You must be content to stay just what you are.” And then she told him that although he would never be able to walk, or run and play, like other little boys, he could make for himself a very happy life.

“And I will help you,” she said.

Prince Dolor turned pale and his lips quivered but he did not cry—he was too brave for that.

“And now, where is your traveling-cloak?” said the fairy godmother.

“In the cupboard,” said the Prince.

“Oh, but you must use it, some day,” said the fairy godmother.

“When you wish to go traveling on it, spread

it on the floor and set yourself down in the middle of it, and say, '*Abracadabra, dum, dum, dum,*'—and see what will happen.—And when you wish to come back again, say, '*Abracadabra, tum, tum, ti.*'"

And suddenly—there was a soft little breath of air—and the fairy godmother was gone.

The very next day, he took from the cupboard the little bundle, all tied up so very tight with many knots, and sitting on the floor, he patiently untied all of these knots. And then—a wonderful thing happened—the cloak began to undo itself. Slowly unfolding, it laid itself down on the carpet, as flat as if it had been ironed, the edge turned up all around, and it grew—and it grew—until it was quite large enough for Prince Dolor to sit in it as comfortable as if it had been a boat.

The Prince watched it; his eyes large with amazement—it was a most extraordinary thing!

Then he sat down in the middle of it, waiting for something to happen next. Nothing happened, and then he remembered the words which his godmother had told him to say.

“*Abracadabra, dum, dum, dum,*” said he. And then—and then—the cloak rose slowly and steadily, higher and higher, till it nearly touched the skylight, which his head gently bumped against. He drew the bolt and pushed up the skylight—and out he sailed—into the clear, fresh air—with the blue sky above and the earth below.

Prince Dolor had never felt such happiness before.

Away he flew—just as if he were on the back of a large bird—over hill and dale. He sailed about for a long time—and then the stars came out—first two or three, and then so many that he could not count them; the breeze began to blow cold, and the dew to fall—and he gave a little shiver.

“Perhaps I had better go home,” he thought.

But he could not think of the magic words which he must say to turn about. The cloak flew faster and faster until he became quite frightened. What if the cloak should keep on traveling, perhaps to the world’s end.

“Dear Godmother,” he cried, “do help me. Tell me once again.”

And then suddenly the Prince remembered. "*Abracadabra, tum, tum, ti*"—and—slowly—the cloak began to turn, and started back. When he reached the tower he found the skylight just as he had left it; he slipped in, cloak and all. He had scarcely reached the floor and was sitting on it, still in the middle of the cloak, when the door opened and his nurse came in.

"Bless us!" said she, "what has become of your Royal Highness? Have you been sitting here in the dark all this time?"

It was so dark that she could not see the cloak, and while she was speaking, it folded itself up, tied its own knots, and rolled away into the farthest and darkest corner of the room, and was quite hidden from sight.

The nurse lighted the candles and brought in Prince Dolor's supper, and for the first time in his life he was very hungry.

And when he was left alone at last, he crept into his little bed, and for a long time he lay awake, thinking of the sky and the stars and the wonders of the earth. "I must be awake very early to-morrow morning, and

get my lessons done, and then I'll go traveling all over the world on my beautiful cloak," he thought.

The next day, he opened his eyes with the sun, and went with a good heart to his lessons.

The minute that the lessons were done and he was left alone, he crept across the floor, got the little bundle, untied the knots, and soon he was sitting on the cloak. "*Abracadabra, dum, dum, dum,*" he said, and, "in a few minutes less than no time," out through the skylight he went, and away he floated through the air, seeing all sorts of wonderful things.

"I wish that I had a pair of glasses like my nurse wears, so that I could see things on the ground better."

He had scarcely said the words, before, there on his nose was a pair of beautiful little gold spectacles, and looking downward, he could see so plainly, every blade of grass, every tiny bud and flower. And then, looking up, in the distance he saw a long string of birds, flying one after the other.

“Gee-up, gee-up!” he cried. “This is as good as riding a race.”

But after a while he was cold and hungry.

“I am hungry,” he said. And there before him, on the cloak, was most delicious food.

“I am cold,” he said. And no sooner had he said the words, than he felt stealing over his knees something soft and warm. It was a most beautiful bearskin, which folded around him and cuddled him up close and warm. And then he shut his eyes and fell asleep.

When he awoke he was floating over a river, and there were trees, and the cloak dipped down so low that he could touch their leaves with his fingers. He saw horses and cattle, and a shepherd boy tending his sheep. To his joy, he heard a skylark singing, as it mounted higher and higher from the ground, till it came quite close to him.

“Oh, you beautiful, beautiful bird!” he cried. After a while he found himself floating over a beautiful country, he heard a sound like the hum of bees, and far, far below him, he saw a great city.

And then he turned and went back to the

tower. And that night as he lay on his little bed, he still seemed to hear the song of the skylark.

One day, not long after that, he startled his nurse by saying, "Nurse, what is a king? Shall I ever be one?"

And then his nurse, who really loved him, said, "You are a king!" And she told him of how his parents had died, and how his uncle had taken the crown from him and made himself king, and had sent him to the tower.

Prince Dolor, as he listened, grew pale, and then he sat up very straight. For, somehow, boy that he was, when he heard that he was a king, he felt—like a king.

That night he slept but little. There were so many things for him to think about.

He awoke early the next morning and was out of bed and began to dress himself. "I must learn to do things for myself, now," he thought.

"Fancy a king being dressed like a baby!"

When he was dressed, he took from the corner his traveling cloak and soon was out through the skylight. That day he traveled

far to the wonderful city, and hanging over it, he looked down on its houses and streets.

At night, when Prince Dolor came to the tower, he found it empty and still. His nurse was gone. The messenger had come that day from the city, bringing food, and he had told the nurse that the Prince's uncle, the King was dead. She had had a chance to escape from the tower and she had gone. And now, Prince Dolor had to take care of himself as best he could. At first, he was lonely and frightened, for never before had he been left alone.

“What in the world am I to do?” he thought. And then he remembered a saying which his nurse had taught him:

“For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there's none;
If there is one, try to find it—
If there isn't, never mind it.”

“I must make the best of things—and there will surely be some way out of my troubles,” he thought.

For five days he stayed alone in the tower,

and then, one day, he heard a sound in the distance. It was the sound of a trumpet!

What had happened was this:

When the nurse had reached the city, she had told of the little lame Prince who was shut up in the tower—the Prince who was now King. And the people were overjoyed to hear that the son of their good King and the beloved Queen Dolorez was still living.

“Hurrah for Prince Dolor! Let Prince Dolor be our king!” they cried. And soon, at the foot of the tower, Prince Dolor saw many men, and they hailed him as Prince and King.

And there in the tower, they crowned him King. And he said, “I will be your king. And I will do my best to make my people happy.”

And so, Prince Dolor became King of No-mansland and left the tower to live in a royal palace. And his reign lasted many long years, and the country was happy and prosperous.

And then, one day, when the King was an old man with white hair, he told his people that

he wished the son of his uncle, who had grown to be a fine, manly Prince, to be King in his stead. He felt that his time had come to leave them. And taking from his pocket a little bundle and unfolding it, he laid it on the ground, said a few words—and away he floated through the air—and was seen no more.

Perhaps his fairy godmother took him away to live somewhere beyond the Beautiful Mountains.

(Adapted from the story by Miss Mulock.)

STORIES OF ITALY

PIPPO AND THE CLEVER CAT

(The Italian “Puss in Boots”)

ONCE upon a time, or, as they say in Italy, “*C’era una volta*,” there lived in the city of Naples in that country an old man “so poor that he had not two pieces of money to rub together.” He had two sons, Oratiello and Pippo. When he was about to leave this world he called his sons to his bedside, and to the elder, Oratiello, he gave a sieve, and to the younger, Pippo, he gave a cat; this being all that he had to leave to them. Then he closed his eyes and died.

Oratiello took the sieve and went from place to place shelling corn to earn a living. Pippo took the cat and said, “What am I to do? My brother can earn a living with his sieve. What has my father left me?—A cat! I cannot support myself and now I have two mouths to feed! All that I can do is to kill the cat and

sell her skin. Then what will be left? I shall soon die of hunger."

The cat heard these words, and looking up at her master, she said, "My master, 'tis far better to be lucky than rich, for with luck one may become rich; but with riches one doesn't always have luck. If you will but trust me, I can bring to you both happiness and fortune."

Pippo did not see what the cat could do to help him—but he knew that she was a very clever cat, for he had seen her play many tricks when she was trying to catch mice. And besides, to whom else could he look for help? And so he said, "I thank you, Puss, and to your care I trust my future."

That very morning, the cat went down to the bay and climbing out on the rocks, sat there and watched until she saw a fish swimming near, and then into the water went her paw, and in her claws, out came the fish. It was a fine large dory. At once she went to the palace, carrying the fish as a present to the King.

Arrived at the palace, in among the lords

and ladies Puss walked, proudly carrying her fish. Straight to the King she went, and laying her gift at his feet, she said, "My master, the Lord Pippo, your Majesty's most humble servant, sends this fish as a slight token of his regard, to your Majesty, the King." The King was much pleased, and bowing and smiling, made reply, "Tell this lord, whom I do not know, that I thank him for this gift."

Every day after that Puss came to the palace bringing a present to the King. Sometimes she brought fish, but more often she brought game. For Puss would go to the fields and when the hunters brought down game, quickly she would snatch it up—sometimes it was a blackbird; sometimes a lark—and she would hurry away with it to the King.

She was, indeed, a very clever cat.

One day the King said to Puss, "I am so much indebted to your master, the Lord Pippo, that I should like to meet him and thank him for all the gifts which he has sent to me."

Then Puss made answer, "My Lord Pippo is at your Majesty's service. He would lay

down his life for you, if there were need. To-morrow morning, with pleasure, he will come to pay to you his respects." But the next morning, at the time when Pippo was expected, Puss dashed into the palace and said, "Sire, my master, Pippo, begs your Majesty's pardon for not coming this morning. Last night he was robbed by some of his servants, who stole all of his clothing from him."

When the King heard this he at once commanded that his servants take from his own wardrobe clothing of the finest silk and linen, and carry it to Pippo; and before two hours had passed, Pippo, dressed in this fine clothing and followed by the clever cat, entered the palace. There the King received him, invited him to sit by his side, and gave for him a splendid banquet.

Pippo was not accustomed to such splendor, and from time to time he whispered to the cat, "Look out, Puss, some one may steal our wraps. Pray keep watch of our things."

Puss was ashamed of him and made answer, "Hush! Do not speak thus of our friends."

The King asked what his guest was saying.

Of course Puss did not wish the King to know of the meanness of her master in thinking that any one who had shown him such kindness would steal his coat or hat, and so made answer, "I think that my master would like a lemon." The King sent at once to the garden for a basketful of lemons. But no sooner had the lemons been brought than Pippo again said, "Pray, Puss, keep watch of our things."

Again the King asked for what his guest wished, and Puss said, "I think that my master would like an orange."

And the King sent at once to the garden for a basketful of oranges. At last, the feast was ended, Pippo took his leave; and Puss was left alone with the King. Then she began to tell tales of her wonderful master; of his wit, and of his good sense, and of how rich he was, and she ended her tale by saying, "He is just the son-in-law for a king!"

The King was much interested and said, "And what is his fortune?"

Puss answered that it was so great that no one knew; that her master himself did not know; but that if the King wished to know

and would send trusty people out to learn, she would go with them to prove that there was no one so rich as her master.

The King called messengers whom he told to follow the cat and learn of Pippo's wealth. And so they set off; Puss leading the party. As soon as they had passed the border of the kingdom, Puss ran on ahead, she said, "to order cake and wine for the party." Whenever she met a shepherd with a flock of sheep, or herdsmen with their horses and cows and pigs, she would call out, "Take care! There are robbers coming up the road. They will steal everything that they can find. If, however, you wish to save your cattle, you must say, 'All this belongs to the Lord Pippo,' and they will leave you without harm."

All the farmers along the road she warned, saying, "There are robbers coming up the road, but if you say to them, 'All this grain belongs to the Lord Pippo,' they will leave you without harm."

And to the workers in the vineyards she said, "There are robbers coming up the road, but if you say to them, 'These grapes belong to the

Lord Pippo,' they will leave you without harm."

Later, when the King's messengers came, the herdsmen and farmers and workers in the vineyards thought that they must be the robbers of whom they had been warned, and they cried out to them that all the cattle and grain and vineyards belonged to Lord Pippo. The messengers returned to the palace and told the King of the wonderful wealth of Pippo, and then the King sent for Puss and told her that if she could get her master's promise to marry his daughter he would give her a drink of milk and the freedom of his stables to hunt mice.

And so Pippo married the King's daughter, and the King gave her, as a dower, money and a large estate. And Pippo and his bride went to Lombardy to live, and Puss went with them.

Pippo was now very rich, and he thanked Puss many times over, saying that he owed to her all his happiness and good fortune. "I hope, Puss," he said, "that you may live a hundred years, and as long as you live you shall have everything that you want. And when

you die I will lay you in a golden casket and keep you always near me, and never forget your kindness to me."

Puss listened to all these fine words and was much pleased, but she thought that she would test her master, and so, after three days, she lay down in the garden and pretended to be dead.

Pippo's wife saw her and cried, "Oh, husband, what a misfortune has befallen us! Our clever cat is dead!"

"Well," said Pippo, "it might have been worse. Better she than we."

"What shall we do with her?" said the Princess.

"Take her by the leg," said Pippo, "and throw her over the wall."

When Puss heard these ungrateful words, up she sprang, very much alive, and said, "So this is my reward for all my kindness to you! For rescuing you from beggary and helping you to wealth and happiness! A fine golden casket you have for me! But, alas, unhappy is he who does a kindness in hope of reward. One who does most must expect least in this

world." With these words, out through the gate she went. In vain they called to her, begging her to come back; no amount of coaxing or teasing would induce her to return, nor ever after that would any cat live in the home of Pippo.

(Adapted from a story in "The Italian Fairy Book" by Anne Macdonnel, published by Frederick A Stokes Company.)

THE STORY OF MOUFFLOU

LOLO and Moufflou lived far away in Italy. Lolo was not strong as you are; he was a poor lame little boy who could not run and play about, but always went hopping along on a little crutch. He was not even well enough to go to school and so he stayed at home and helped his mother. He was very clever with his fingers and he plaited straw matting and wove baskets, and was busy and happy all day long. He had five sturdy, rosy-cheeked brothers and sisters—Tasso, and Sandro, and Peppo, and Cecco, and Bice—but they ran so fast and played so hard that he could not keep up with them and so Moufflou was his best friend and he spent almost all of his time with him.

And who do you suppose that Moufflou was—Moufflou was a snow-white poodle. When he was a little, woolly puppy, a year old, he

had been given by a soldier to the children and their mother had said that he was just like a *mouflon*, as they call sheep in that country, and so the children had named him "Moufflou." The children all loved Moufflou, but most of all Lolo loved him.

Lolo's father had died four years before and his mother had to work very hard to feed and clothe her little children. Lolo's oldest brother, Tasso, worked for a gardener, and every Saturday night he brought the money which he earned home to his mother to help take care of his little brothers and sisters. Tasso had grown to be almost a man, and in the country where he lived, as soon as you had grown to be a man, you had to go away for three years to be trained to be a soldier, and Lolo's mother was often troubled, thinking of the time when Tasso would have to go away. If Tasso had had money enough he could have paid some one to go in his place, but he had no money, and neither had the poor mother.

But Lolo and Moufflou knew nothing of all this, and they were very happy together. Every day when Lolo was well enough they

walked up and down the streets, and sometimes, if the day was pleasant, they went out into the country and walked along the river, and if it was daffodil-time, Lolo brought home great bunches of the golden flowers. Near the old stone house in which they lived was a tall, gray church, loved by the children, but by Lolo most of all. He liked to go inside and sit there in the stillness, and it seemed to him that the painted saints smiled down upon him from their dim corners. He liked, too, to sit on the church steps and watch the people passing in the street.

One morning, when Lolo and Moufflou were sitting on the steps of the church, a man saw them and stopped to talk with Lolo.

“You have a very fine poodle,” he said.

“Yes,” said Lolo, “but, oh, you should see him on Sundays when he has just been washed—he is as white as snow.”

“I should like to see him,” said the man.
“How old is he?”

“He is three years old,” said Lolo.

“Can he do any tricks?” said the man.

“Well, I should say he could!” said Lolo.

"He can stand on his hind legs, he can dance, he can speak, he can make a wheelbarrow of himself, and when I put a piece of biscuit on his nose and count—one—two—three, he will snap and catch it in his mouth." Lolo had taught Moufflou all these tricks.

And then Moufflou did all of his tricks for the man. He loved to do anything that his little master wished him to do because Lolo never whipped him or punished him. The man was very much pleased with Moufflou's tricks and he told Lolo that he had a little boy who was so ill that he could not leave his bed, and he asked Lolo to bring Moufflou, the next day, to the hotel where they were staying, to do his tricks for the little boy. Lolo told him that he would come if his mother would let him. The man told him where to come, and gave him some money. And Lolo went hopping home on his little crutch as fast as he could go, with Moufflou scampering after him.

He was very happy thinking that with the money he would buy coffee for his mother's breakfast, and that he would give Tasso some

of the money for the new suit of clothes which he so much wanted. When he told his mother she was quite willing that he should take Moufflou the next day to the hotel to do his tricks for the little sick boy.

The next morning, Lolo washed Moufflou until his curls were as white as snow, and his sister, Bice, tied a blue ribbon about his neck. After dinner they started to go to the hotel. Moufflou was so proud of his curls and his ribbon that his little feet scarcely touched the ground as he trotted along after his little master. I just wish that you could have seen him. When they reached the hotel they were shown to the little sick boy's room, where, on a couch, he lay, looking pale and unhappy. Moufflou began to do his tricks and soon the little boy was laughing, and when Moufflou made a wheelbarrow of himself, he shouted and clapped his hands. And after Moufflou had done all of his tricks he gave to Lolo and the dog cakes and candies and they had a very happy time together.

But all too soon it came time for Lolo and Moufflou to go home and then the little boy

began to cry. He said, "Oh, I want the dog. I want the dog. Give me the dog!"

"But I cannot give him away," said Lolo. "He is my own Moufflou."

Lolo couldn't give away Moufflou, could he?

The little boy was so unhappy that Lolo went away quite sad. He met the father on the stairs, and he thanked him for coming, and patted Moufflou on the head, and gave Lolo some money—much more than before. Lolo went hurrying home on his little crutch, thinking how glad his mother would be to have the money, and of how many things it would buy that they needed. But when he came home and opened the door—there was Tasso, looking very unhappy, and his mother was crying, and the little brothers and sisters were crying, too.

"What is the matter?" cried Lolo. At first, no one answered, and then one of his brothers told him that Tasso had been called to be a soldier, and the mother was very sad at his going, and troubled to know how, without his help, she could take care of her children all through the long winter. Lolo showed her

his money but she was so unhappy that she scarcely noticed it, and after a while Lolo and Moufflou went to bed. Moufflou lay on the bed close beside his master and every little while he licked his hand to show that he was sorry for him.

The next morning Tasso went to the garden where he worked and Lolo and Moufflou went with him. It was a beautiful way to the garden, beside the river, among the trees, and as Lolo and Tasso walked they talked of what they would do when Tasso was no longer at home, and Tasso said that if he only had money enough he would pay some one else to go in his place so that he might stay at home and take care of his mother and little brothers and sisters. Tasso loved his country and had he been needed to fight for her he would have gone at once, but Italy was not at war at that time. But Tasso must go, for they had no money and there was no one to lend it to them. And so they walked sadly along beside the river. When it was noon Lolo and Moufflou went home to dinner, and all that they had that day was some bean soup (they were so very

poor). After they had eaten, Lolo's mother said to him, "Your aunt has asked you to come to her home and take care of her children this afternoon, while she goes out for a while." Lolo put on his hat and called to Moufflou, "Come, Moufflou."

"No," said his mother, "you cannot take Moufflou with you this afternoon."

"Not take Moufflou!" said Lolo, "why, he always goes with me everywhere."

"No, you must leave him at home this afternoon," said his mother.

So Lolo went slowly to his aunt's house, feeling quite lonely without Moufflou. His little sister, Bice, went with him. Lolo's aunt was a lace-maker and she wished to deliver some lace which she had made, and Lolo and Bice took care of her two babies while she was gone.

The afternoon passed, and when it was dusk they hurried home, and all the way Lolo was thinking how happy Moufflou would be to see him. When they reached home he stopped at the foot of the stairs and called, "Moufflou! Moufflou!" but there was no patter of little

white feet. At the top of the stairs Lolo opened the door and looked in, but there was no Moufflou in sight.

Then he cried, "Where is my Moufflou?"

His mother had been crying. She said, "He has been sold. The man whose little sick boy liked Moufflou so much has been here and he offered a great deal of money for him; so much, just think, that now Tasso will not have to go away to be a soldier."

While she was speaking Lolo grew white and cold, and began to waver from side to side on his little crutch, and then, suddenly he cried out, "Moufflou! Oh, my Moufflou!" and fell to the floor, his crutch clattering down beside him.

His mother took him in her arms and laid him on his bed, and all that night he tossed about, calling, "Moufflou! Moufflou!"

When morning came, Lolo had a fever. His mother was frightened and sent for the doctor. He asked for what the little boy was calling and Lolo's mother told him that it was for his dog which had been sold. The doctor shook his head and looked very serious. He

gave Lolo some medicine and went away. For days after that Lolo lay on his bed, tossing and moaning and calling for Moufflou. He did not even know his mother and brothers and sisters. Tasso went to the hotel to ask the man who had bought Moufflou to take back the money and give him Moufflou, but the man had gone away on the train and taken the dog with him to another city. And Lolo grew weaker and weaker, until, at last, there came a day when the doctor said that he could not live.

One warm afternoon, Lolo's mother sat beside him, holding his little, hot hand. The other children were there, too, and Tasso had stayed at home from his work to help take care of the little sick brother. The windows were open and the door stood wide open. It was all so very still that you could even hear Lolo's faint breathing—when—suddenly—there was heard a patterning of little feet on the stairs, and a scampering in the hall—and—a white poodle dashed in at the door and sprang upon the bed.— It was Moufflou! But you would never have known him. He

was so thin and his curls were dirty and matted, and he looked so tired that you would have known at once that he had traveled a long way. Lolo opened his eyes and when he saw that it was Moufflou he smiled a little, wan smile, laid his thin hand on the dog's head, then closed his eyes and went happily to sleep. After that Moufflou would not leave him; he would not even eat unless they brought food to him there. He lay close at Lolo's side, his brown eyes wide open, looking into his little master's face.

When the doctor came that day he said that Lolo was so much better that he would live, and each day after that Lolo grew stronger.

At the end of a week, a man came asking if Moufflou was there. He said that the man who had bought him had taken him far away to another city, but that he had run away and that they had not been able to find him. Tasso asked the messenger to let Moufflou stay with them until he had been to see the man who had bought the dog. Then Tasso took the money which had been paid for Moufflou and went to the hotel to see the man. He told the

man how Lolo had nearly died because his dear Moufflou had been taken from him, and how Moufflou had come back to them, so tired and worn, but so happy to be once more with his little master. And he told how Lolo was growing well again since Moufflou had come home. And then, he said, "Lolo and Moufflou must never again be separated, and, kind sir, will you not take back the money which you paid for Moufflou and let us keep the dog? I will go away and be a soldier, if I must, but my little brother must have his dog."

And then the man said that Tasso was such a good, kind brother that they might keep the money and the dog, too. And Tasso said that he would find another poodle like Moufflou for the man and that Lolo would teach the poodle all of Moufflou's tricks. Tasso was so happy that he thanked the man again and again and then he hurried home to tell the good news.

They found another poodle *almost* as nice as Moufflou (of course there never could be another *just* as nice) and Lolo, as soon as he was well enough, began to teach him tricks.

And Lolo and Moufflou spent many happy

days together. Lolo often would look at Moufflou and wonder how he found his way home again. And he would lay his hand on the dog's head, and, looking into his eyes, would say, "Moufflou, how ever did you find your way back to me, over all the miles of road?"— Now, you know, "grown-ups" say that love will find the way, and I think that Moufflou's love for his little master helped him to find the way back to him, over all those miles of road. Don't you?

(Adapted from the story by Ouida.)

RANELLA

(The Italian "Cinderella")

RANELLA was a tiny person, no taller than a tulip blossom.

She and her mother were very poor and they lived in a tumbled-down old stone house, several miles from the nearest town. So poor were they that, many a day for want of food they were hungry, and many a night for lack of a candle they went to bed in darkness. But still they were happy, for in Italy there was as much sunshine and as many birds and flowers and trees for the poor as for the rich. All day long Ranella ran in and out of the house and played about in the yard.

Ranella's mother had several hens, and among them was one large, white hen; as white as snow, with a wonderful glistening red comb, and golden yellow legs—a very handsome creature. She was a great pet with Ranella,

and whenever she saw Ranella coming she ran to meet her, saying, "Cluck-cluck! Cluck-cluck!"

One day a neighbor came to visit with Ranella's mother and she told the news of the coming of the Prince to the next town and of the splendid ball which was to be given there in his honor. And she said, "And all the most beautiful girls of this part of the country will go to the ball and from them the Prince will choose one to be his Princess." And she told of how tall and fine and good the Prince was. And Ranella, on her little bench by the hearth, sat with eyes wide open and listened.

No sooner had the bearer of the news gone on her way than Ranella cried, "Oh, Mother, I wish that I might go to the ball and see the Prince, for never have I seen a prince!" Of course tiny Ranella had no thought of being chosen by the Prince to become his Princess.

"Alas, my child," said her mother, "the ball is not for poor girls such as my little Ranella, and besides, there is no way for you to go."

For a long time Ranella sat on her bench by the hearth, thinking—and thinking. At

last she shook her head. "There is no way," she said to herself.

Just that minute, her mother came in from out of doors, bringing a large, yellow pumpkin.

"See, Ranella," said she, "is it not a fine large pumpkin?"

She carried it to the table and with a sharp knife she cut off the top, and as she scooped out the seeds she said, "Why, Ranella, it is large enough for you to sit in!"

Just then, the little white hen hopped up on the door-step.

"Cluck-cluck!" said the Little White Hen.

And then—suddenly, Ranella's eyes grew large and bright with excitement. She sprang to her feet and cried, "O Mother! The very thing—the pumpkin shall be my coach—and the little white hen shall draw it to town! And I shall see the Prince!"

"Cluck-cluck!" said the Little White Hen.

"But, Ranella," said her mother, "you have no fine clothes to wear."

"Who knows but that I may find those on the way," said Ranella.

At last, Ranella's mother gave her consent. She carried the pumpkin out of doors, placed it on the ground, and Ranella, with a bit of ribbon, harnessed to it the little white hen. Then Ranella kissed her mother, and stepped into her pumpkin-coach—"Cluck-cluck!" said the Little White Hen—and they set off down the road—at no great speed, to be sure—but looking quite fine.

Now, long ago in Italy, there were a great many Fairies—so many, that a person—particularly, a little girl—was always unexpectedly meeting them on every hand. Of course, it was not always known that they were Fairies—because, many times, they pretended to be old women—or trees—or flowers—or many other things. And so, it was well to be always on your good behavior, for no knowing when you might meet one—and *most* of anything in the world, a Fairy dislikes a rude person.

Just about the time that Ranella had started away in her pumpkin-coach, three Fairies, dressed like old women, had stopped under a tree to lunch. A mischievous young Fairy,

who was passing, saw them, and she touched with her finger the tiny piece of bread which one of the Fairies was eating. "*Cum-crumbly-caro!*" said the mischievous Fairy, under her breath, so softly that the three Fairies did not hear her, and just as the Fairy popped the bread into her mouth it turned into a hard crumb. And then the Fairy began to choke—her face grew very red, and she gasped for breath. The two other Fairies tried to help her; they shook her, and they patted her on the back—but she only choked and gasped the more.

And then, what should happen but that Ranella came gaily riding down the road in her pumpkin-coach, drawn by the little white hen, and singing a little song.

Suddenly, the little white hen stopped—so suddenly, that Ranella nearly fell from her coach.

"Cluck-cluck!" said the Little White Hen, as much as to say, "What have we here?"

At the sight of Ranella in her pumpkin-coach drawn by the little white hen, the Fairies all began to laugh funny tinkling fairy laugh-

ter. And the Fairy who was choking laughed the hardest of all. So hard she laughed, that the crumb flew from her throat—and there she stood, quite well, but still rather red in the face.

Ranella looked in amazement at the three old women laughing at her; of course not knowing that they were Fairies. And tears came into her eyes because she did not like to be laughed at.

“My dear child,” said the Fairy who had choked, “you have saved my life.” And then she explained about the crumb, and Ranella was so glad to have helped her that she quite forgot that they had laughed at her.

“And what do you wish for most of all?” said the three old women Fairies.

“To go to the ball and see the Prince,” said Ranella.

“Indeed, you shall go, and that in style, too,” said the Fairies.

“Thank you, good friends,” said Ranella.

“Cluck-cluck!” said the Little White Hen.

And down the road they started.

They had not gone far—when—suddenly—

Ranella's eyes shut tight—and when she opened them—there she sat—a tall and beautiful young lady, dressed in a wonderful dress of satin and silver and with a necklace of pearls—in a fine coach drawn by black horses, and with a coachman and footmen. And on the seat beside her sat the little white hen, as white as snow, with a golden collar about her neck.

“Cluck-cluck!” said the Little White Hen.
And on down the road they went.

When they came to the town, they drove in state to the palace. Ranella alighted from her coach, and with the little white hen following her, she entered the palace. When the Prince saw her he came to meet her, and that evening he danced with her, and he scarcely left her side. He knew that of all the beautiful girls who were there, she was the most lovely—and that he chose her to be his Princess.

“We shall meet again,” said the Prince, as he walked beside her to her coach. “Tell me where you live.”

Then said Ranella:

“Kind sir, if the truth I must tell,
’Tis for you to learn where I dwell.”

“Cluck-cluck!” said the Little White Hen. And Ranella, in her coach, with the little white hen on the seat beside her, started down the road.

It was all too wonderful to believe—but Ranella was very happy, for she was sure that, in some way, the Prince would find her again. When they reached the spot where she had met the Fairies—suddenly, her eyes shut tight for an instant—and when she opened them—there she was—once more—a tiny person, no taller than a tulip blossom, sitting in her pumpkin-coach, drawn by the little white hen.

“Cluck-cluck!” said the Little White Hen. And merrily down the road toward home they went.

Ranella’s mother was very much surprised when she heard the story of Ranella’s adventures.

“The three old women must have been Fairies,” said she—“and surely all will now be well.”

The Prince thought that Ranella must be

some well-known princess, and the next day he started out in his coach in search of her. For three days he rode through the country seeking her. The third day, he came to the tumbled-down old stone house where lived Ranella and her mother. There beside the road stood the little white hen.

“Cluck-cluck!” said the Little White Hen.

“Why,” said the Prince, “it is the little white hen that was with the Princess!”

He left the coach and went toward the house.—Just as his foot touched the doorstep—tiny Ranella again became tall and beautiful.

“I have chosen you to be my Princess,” said the Prince.

Then said Ranella:

“My Prince, if the truth I must tell,
To be your Princess would please me well.”

“Cluck-cluck!” said the Little White Hen. And soon, Ranella and her mother and the little white hen, with the Prince, were traveling down the road toward the palace.

And so, Ranella went to the ball and saw the Prince—and became a Princess.

(Adapted from an old Italian Fairy Tale.)

GIGI AND THE MAGIC RING

THIS is the story of a young man, named Gigi, who lived in Italy, and of his mother, and his sister, named Maria, and of an old woman and a magic ring, and a cat and a dog, and of a beautiful maiden, named Maliarda, and of a little mouse who helped to bring back good fortune to Gigi.

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One upon a time, or, as they say in Italy, "*C'era una volta*," there lived in Italy a young man named Gigi, with his mother and sister, whose name was Maria. They were very poor, and one day Gigi decided to go out into the world to seek his fortune. So he said farewell to his mother and sister and off he went. When he had left the town but a short distance behind he overtook an old woman carrying a heavy oil jar. Gigi had a kind heart. "Give it to me," said he. He swung it to his

shoulder and carried it up the hill and set it in her kitchen.

"Thank you, my fine young man," said the old woman. "I have little to offer to you but will you not sit and rest a while?"

So Gigi sat and rested and while he sat in the chimney corner he played with the dog and the cat that lay before the fire. He told the old woman of how he had started out to seek his fortune, and, as he was leaving, lest he be lonely on his journey, she gave to him the dog and the cat for company. And she went to the cupboard and brought out a ring and with these words she gave it to him, "Take this, and when you want anything very much, wear it on your finger and turn it about, and your want shall be filled."

Gigi thanked her, put the ring in his pocket, and set off, the cat and the dog running on before.

When they had gone several miles it began to grow dark and Gigi looked for a place to sleep. There were no houses near, but there was a thick wood. Gigi and the cat and the dog lay down and tried to sleep but Gigi

was so hungry that he could not sleep. "I wish that a table were set before me with a fine supper on it," thought Gigi. His fingers touched the ring in his pocket. He slipped it on his finger and began turning it round. Suddenly, in the dim light, he saw before him a table spread with a fine cloth and laid with silver, and there were a hot smoking roast duck and fruit and wine. The dog and the cat sat up and sniffed, their noses in the air. And then Gigi drew up to the table, and with him the dog and the cat. And such a feast as they all had!

"The old woman must have been a fairy," he said to himself. And he began to think of all the things for which he might wish. But he decided not to wish for anything more until he had thought the matter over well. And he lay down and slept.

He awoke early the next morning and set off down the road with the dog and the cat at his heels. Up and down hill and through the woods he went with his two good friends for company and as he went he sang a merry tune.

At last he came to a fine palace. Out of an

upper window looked a beautiful maiden. Gigi gazed and gazed at her. "Oh, I could look at her all day long," he said, "but she would never look at me, poor as I am. I wish —" And at the word "wish" he thought of the ring in his pocket and on his finger he slipped it and said, "I want a fine palace on the opposite side of the road." And suddenly he found himself standing in the window of a wonderful palace, and looking across, he saw the beautiful maiden smiling at him. And then he wished for fine clothes, and servants, meat and drink, and all good things.

The next morning the girl's father and mother came to call and soon he returned their call. He was presented to the girl whose name was Maliarda, and before the day was over Gigi had asked her hand in marriage. Her parents thought that Gigi must be a great Prince and gladly gave consent to the marriage.

All went well until the eve of the wedding day, when Maliarda and her father and mother paid a visit to Gigi and while they talked together Maliarda asked Gigi how it was that

his fine palace had sprung up in so short a time. And Gigi, always kind and simple, told of his journey into the world to seek his fortune, of the old woman and her gift of the ring, and all that had happened.

“And do you always wear the ring on your finger?” asked Maliarda.

“Always,” answered Gigi, “whether I am waking or sleeping.”

Now, Gigi had been hunting that day and was very tired and as soon as Maliarda and her father and mother had taken their departure he lay down on a couch and fell fast asleep. Maliarda stayed behind a moment, and when, peeping through a crack in the door, she saw that Gigi was asleep, she stole in and drew the ring from his finger. She hurried home, and once there, she put the ring on her own finger, turned it, and said, “I wish Gigi’s palace to be removed and set upon the highest peak of yonder mountain range!”

When Gigi awoke the next morning he was shivering and shaking with the cold. And great was his surprise to find his ring missing, and himself and his palace on the moun-

tain top. Beneath him could be seen only the ice and snow, but worst of all was the thought that his beautiful Maliarda had brought this about, for only one person knew of the ring, and that was Maliarda.

It was impossible to go down the mountain; it was very steep and there was no path.

The dog and the cat were sorely troubled about their master's misfortune. They said, "We can walk where a man cannot. Give us a day and we will try to get back your ring."

Gigi fed them well and then he opened the door for them. And the dog and the cat set off. They slipped—and slid—and crawled—and fell—and went on again and never stopped till they came to the palace of Maliarda. They managed to slip in when the door was opened, and while the dog kept guard below, the cat crept up-stairs to the door of Maliarda's room. But the door was shut. The cat sat down and thought and thought. As she sat thinking, a little mouse came running across the floor. "Squeak! Squeak!" said the little mouse; she was so frightened when she saw the cat. The cat put out her paw and caught her. The

mouse begged so piteously for her life, telling of her little family which would be left with no mother, that the cat was sorry for her and said, "Very well, I will spare your life, but in return you must gnaw a hole in that door, for I must go inside." The little mouse began to gnaw. She gnawed and she gnawed and she gnawed until she could gnaw no more, but still the hole was so small that she couldn't even get in herself, let alone the cat.

The mouse sat and thought for a minute and then she said, "Wait—and you shall see what you shall see."

Away she ran and when she came back she brought her youngest, a tiny mouse.

A word from his mother, and in through the hole went the tiny mouse. In a minute, back came Tiny Mouse. "There is no ring on the lady's finger," he said.

"Then the lady has it in her mouth," said the mouse. "Go in again; creep up on her bed; tickle her nose with your tail; she will open her mouth and the ring will drop out."

In another minute Tiny Mouse came bring-

ing the ring. The mice hurried away to their holes, and as soon as the door was opened, the cat and the dog ran out, and away they went to the top of the mountain. It was morning when they reached the palace and their master was waiting in the door for them.

Gigi put the ring on his finger, turned it, and said, "I wish my palace again by the roadside, and the palace of the wicked Maliarda here on the top of the mountain amidst the snow and ice!"

All in a minute it was done.

When a year had passed Gigi went home to see his mother and sister. His friends, the dog and the cat journeyed with him.

He stopped on the way to see the old woman who had given him the ring, but she was not there and no one knew where she had gone.

As for his mother and his sister, they were more glad to see him than words can tell, and a fine welcome they gave him.

And Gigi and his mother and his sister, Maria, and the dog and the cat lived together in peace and content for many a long year—

and they may still be living, for all that I know.

(Adapted from the story of the same title in "The Italian Fairy Book," by Anne Macdonell, published by Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

PICCOLA

LONG ago, there lived in Italy a little girl named Piccola. Her father was dead and she and her mother lived in an old stone house.

She had no brothers and sisters with whom she could play; they were very poor and her mother went away from home nearly every day to scrub and clean to earn money to buy food and clothing for herself and her little girl, and so Piccola was left alone much of the time. She had almost no toys. She had an old rag doll which had belonged to her mother when she was a little girl, which she carried about with her everywhere that she went. Sometimes she picked up stones in the backyard and built little walls and houses. There were no trees or flowers in Piccola's yard. If she had not been such a happy, contented, little girl she would often have been very lonely.

At the back of Piccola's yard there was a stone wall, and one day she discovered in this

wall a small hole. She stood on tiptoe and peeped through. She expected to see another yard like her own, but to her surprise, she saw what to her looked like fairyland—there were flowers and green grass, and a fountain with water, and, flying about among the trees, were birds. She was filled with joy. Every day after that Piccola looked through the hole into the wonderful garden. She imagined that there were fairies living there and she told her doll stories of how the fairies came out at night and danced among the flowers.

One day she heard the sound of soft laughter which seemed to come from the garden. She ran to the wall and peeped through the hole. Playing in the garden she saw a number of children. They were little American children, who, with their mother, who was ill, had come to Italy to spend the winter. Day after day Piccola watched the children playing in the garden. After that she was never lonely, for all day long the children ran and played games in the garden. For more than a week the children did not see Piccola, and then, one day, the little boy ran along close beside the wall

and suddenly he saw Piccola's bright black eyes looking at him. At first he was frightened and ran away. But soon he came back with his older sister who spoke to Piccola. When they learned that it was only a lonely little girl who was watching them at play they were not in the least frightened. Every day they talked to her through the hole, and they thought of queer games which they could play together, and sometimes they brought her fruit and nuts and passed them through the hole.

One day they tried to push their kitten through the hole to Piccola, but the kitten was frightened and mewed and scratched. And then it was that the little boy thought of making the hole in the wall larger so that Piccola herself could crawl through and play with them. His father was willing and soon the stones were broken away and the opening made.

And then, one day, Piccola stepped into the garden! She was so excited and happy. She was all dressed in her very best,—a white waist, and a bright-colored woolen skirt; round her neck was a string of beads, and on her feet

were little wooden shoes. Piccola did not wear stockings; she and her mother were too poor for that. Most of the time she played about barefooted. But to-day was a wonderful day and she wore her wooden shoes.

Every day, after breakfast, Piccola crept through the hole. Sometimes the children were not yet in the garden and then she walked about by herself and looked at the flowers and listened to the splashing of the water in the fountain. And when the children came they ran and danced and played together all through the long, happy day.

And so the days passed and December came and the American children began to talk about Christmas. One day, as she stepped into the garden, the little boy said, "Oh, Piccola, what do you want for a Christmas present?"

"A Christmas present!" said Piccola, "Why, what is that?"

"Didn't you ever have a Christmas present, Piccola?" cried the children.

Of course Piccola knew that Christmas was the day on which Christ had been born so many long years ago. She had been to the church

and seen there a picture of the baby Christ, lying in the manger in Bethlehem, with his mother bending over him, and all around him were sheep and cattle. Her little heart was filled with love as she thought of him. But she did not know what a Christmas present was.

And then the children told Piccola that because the loving Father in Heaven had given to the children of earth the gift of his Son, the Christ Child, who came to earth to be the children's friend, that on the day of his birth, people gave to each other gifts in remembrance of him.

And then they told her of Santa Claus, who was the bearer of gifts,—of dear old Santa Claus who came on Christmas Eve to the children of every country, bringing presents to them. They told of his twinkling eyes and his long white beard and of his fur coat; of how he lived “away up north,” and how he came in his sleigh drawn by reindeer, of how he stopped on the roofs of houses where children lived, and, taking gifts from his loaded sleigh, he tiptoed to the chimney and down he came

and left presents for good children (and that for bad children he sometimes left a whip). And the children talked of what they wanted for Christmas. And by that time it was noon and time for dinner and for Piccola to go home. As she was leaving, the children cried, "And now, Piccola, you must be very good and be sure to hang up your stocking Christmas Eve."

"Hang up my stocking!" said Piccola.
"Why must I do that?"

"Why, so that Santa Claus can put your presents in it," said the children. "That is where he always puts them."

Piccola was delighted at this and went home with her mind filled with the picture of the stocking filled with Christmas presents which she was to find hanging beside the chimney Christmas morning. She told her mother about Santa Claus, but her mother said that she was afraid Santa Claus did not know that a little girl lived in the old stone house and that he might not come. But Piccola wrote a note to Santa Claus and sent it up the chimney and she was sure that he would come.

And every day, in the garden, the children talked of Christmas, and Santa Claus, and toys—dolls, and balls, and hoops, and ribbons, and tops, and marbles, and other things.

At last, Christmas Eve came. Piccola and her mother had their supper early, and Piccola began to think of getting ready for Santa Claus. First, she swept the hearth quite clean and put her little chair in its place and then she stood by the chimney thinking how Santa Claus would come down the chimney. “He will come so quietly,” she thought, “and just for a minute he will stand on the hearth looking to see that no one is about and then—he will reach for my stocking and—” Suddenly the smile faded from her face and the tears came into her eyes—why—she had—no stocking—neither had her mother. Santa Claus would think that she had forgotten and he would be angry. The tears ran down her face. Just then her mother called to her that it was time for bed. She stopped crying. She *must* do something! She looked down at her feet and she saw her wooden shoes and she said to herself, “The very thing! I will set

one of them by the chimney. Santa Claus will understand. He will know that I have no stocking and that I have set my shoe here so that he may have a place to put my presents.” She took off one of her little wooden shoes and set it close beside the chimney, and went happily to bed and to sleep.

Early the next morning she wakened and she crept softly out of bed not to waken her mother. She ran over to the hearth. There was her shoe just as she had left it. She took it carefully in her hands and looked into it—and—away down in the toe—oh, you never, never could guess what was there, and so—I’ll have to whisper it to you,—“A tiny bird, asleep in her wooden shoe!”

Piccola was so happy that for a minute she just stood still and looked at the bird, and then she danced over to the bed, crying, “Mother, Mother! look! look! See the present which Santa Claus has brought to me!”

Her mother raised her head from the pillow and looked into the shoe. “Why, Piccola,” she said, “a little bird, a little chimney-swallow

nesting in your shoe. How kind of Santa Claus to bring you a bird!" And Piccola was so delighted that she kissed her mother, and she kissed the bird, and she even threw kisses up the chimney, hoping that one might reach Santa Claus.

They took the bird out of the shoe. He did not seem frightened. He hopped about the room, and he took a drink of water from a cup, and even ate crumbs and seeds from Piccola's hand.

Piccola's mother found a wicker cage which she had had for a long time and they put the bird into it. Piccola was so happy and so proud of her present that she could scarcely wait to show it to the children in the garden. After breakfast she hurried to the garden, carrying the precious cage. And I wish that you could have been there to see how delighted the children were with Piccola's present. They had had many beautiful gifts but not one of them was *alive* like Piccola's bird. They hung the cage on the branch of a tree and the little bird sat on his perch watching with his

bright eyes the children as they played about.

And there was no happier little girl in all Italy than Piccola.

(Adapted from the poem, "Piccola," by Celia Thaxter; used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.



HE DID NOT SEEM FRIGHTENED.

STORIES OF FRANCE

BEAUTÉ DORMANTE

(The Sleeping Beauty)

Il y avait une fois (once upon a time) there lived a king and a queen who were very unhappy because they had no little children of their own. They had much to make them happy; servants and gold and lands and a splendid palace, but to them the palace seemed a sad and dreary place, without the sound of happy children's voices. At last there came to the king and queen a beautiful little baby girl and great was their joy.

When the baby was three weeks old she was christened and to the ceremony were invited all the rich and grand and proud of the kingdom. And instead of just plain every-day godmothers, such as children have nowadays, the little princess had seven fairy godmothers. And in the place of gifts, such as godmothers give to children nowadays, the fairy god-

mothers each gave to the princess a wish. A fairy's wish, you know, is the best gift that a child can have, for fairies' wishes always come to pass.

After the christening ceremony, the company returned to the palace where a great feast had been made ready for the fairies and guests. The fairies were all seated at one table. At each fairy's place the king had set a golden plate and laid a knife and fork and spoon of pure gold. Just as they were seated, into the room walked an ugly old woman. She, too, was a fairy. Now, any one who has ever seen a fairy has said that she was young and beautiful. But they can change their looks whenever they choose, and something had happened to displease this fairy and she was angry with the other fairies and had made up her mind to be everything that a fairy ought not to be. And so she was old, and cross, and ugly. She would not dance with the other fairies and she had shut herself up in a tower and had not been seen for a hundred years. And the king had forgotten all about her and had not asked her to be godmother to the little

princess nor had he invited her to the feast. She came into the room shaking her head and scowling at every one.

The king hastened to make a place and to set before her a golden plate but he had no knife and fork and spoon of gold for her. She fancied that she had been slighted and she sat at the table and muttered and grumbled in a low voice. The young fairy who sat next to her was troubled and feared that when the time came for the fairies to make their wishes the old fairy might bestow an unlucky wish upon the little princess. And so, when the company rose from the table, she hid herself behind a curtain, in order that she might speak last, and undo, as much as possible, any harm which might be done by the old fairy.

The fairies stood in a magic ring about the cradle where lay the tiny princess, and each in turn made her wish. The first wished that the little princess might be good; the second that she might be beautiful; the third that she might be witty; the fourth that she might be graceful; the fifth that she might sing like a bird; and the sixth that she might dance like a fairy.

And then suddenly into the ring stepped the old fairy and in a terrible voice she said, "When the princess is sixteen years old she shall prick her finger on a spindle and die." At this all the company began to weep.

And then out stepped from behind the curtain the young fairy who had not yet made her wish, and she said in a soft voice, "Oh, King and Queen, I cannot undo all the evil wished; the princess shall indeed prick her finger on a spindle but she shall not die. She shall fall into a deep sleep, and sleep for a hundred years until she is awakened by a prince."

That this might not happen to the princess the king commanded that all the spindles in the kingdom should be destroyed, and that any one found spinning should be punished. And after a while no one remembered the wicked fairy's wish.

The years passed and the little princess grew to be good and beautiful and everything which the fairies had wished for her. One day, when she was sixteen years old, she was walking in the wood and she came to a very old house with a tower. The door was open and she went in.

She wandered through the rooms, and not finding any one, she climbed the dusty stairs. She came to a little door. In the lock was a rusty key, and as she turned it, the door flew open and there in the room sat an old woman spinning flax.

“What are you doing, Goody?” said the princess, for she had never seen any one spinning.

“I am spinning, my pretty child,” said the old woman.

“Do let me try,” said the princess.

So the princess took the spindle from the old woman’s hand and started spinning, but before the wheel had turned twice she pricked her finger—and she fell to the floor in a deep sleep. The old woman was frightened. She tried to rouse her and when she could not do so she ran out for help and people came running from the palace. But no one could waken her. When the king and queen heard what had happened they were very much grieved.

The princess was carried to the palace and laid on a bed in the most splendid room. And

there she lay fast asleep. Then the king sent for the young fairy who had saved the life of the princess. She was far away but she came at once in her magic chariot.

The good fairy was very wise and she thought of the time, when, after a hundred years, the princess would awaken, and that if she found herself all alone in the palace she would be frightened and lonely. And so she waved her magic wand and all in the palace, excepting the king and the queen, fell asleep. All the men and the maids, the ladies-in-waiting, the pages and footmen, fell into a deep sleep; each one just as he was—the cook fell asleep as he stood roasting the meat, and even the fire slept. The horses in the stable, the dogs in the courtyard, and even Mopsy, the princess's little spaniel on the bed beside her, slept. The pigeons in the courtyard tucked their heads under their wings and closed their eyes. The winds in the trees were still, not a leaf moved. No place in the world was ever so still as the palace where the princess slept.

The king and the queen could not stay in the palace with all these sleeping people and so

they kissed their daughter and went sadly away. And then the good fairy caused a thick hedge of thorns to grow up around the palace so that no one could pass through to enter. Nothing could be seen of the palace but the very top of the towers, and that only from a long way off.

And so they slept for years and years, and the young people in the kingdom grew old, and only the very oldest grandfathers remembered about the little sleeping princess.

A hundred years passed. One day a prince from a neighboring kingdom came hunting with his men in the woods. He saw in the distance the towers of the palace. He asked what palace it was. Every one whom he asked told a different story; some said that fairies lived there, and others that witches lived there. But at last the prince met a very old man who said, "Oh, Prince, my grandfather told me that a most beautiful princess lay asleep in the palace and that she would sleep for a hundred years until a prince should come to waken her. And now the hundred years have passed."

The prince longed to see the beautiful prin-

cess and hastened toward the palace. When he came to the hedge of thorns, strange to relate, it separated and allowed him to pass through. But it quickly closed after him so that no one could follow. He came to the courtyard and there he found the guards, drawn up in line, their spears in hand, all fast asleep. He spoke to them and shook them but he could not waken them. He went into the palace and there he saw sleeping pages and ladies-in-waiting. He passed from one room to another and at last he came to the room where lay the princess, so beautiful that it seemed to him that she must belong to another world. Long he looked at her and then he stooped and kissed her. She opened her eyes and smiled at him and said, "Oh, my Prince, have you come at last?"

She was not in the least surprised to see him because the good fairy had made her dream of him while she slept and she knew just how he looked and how kind and good he was. And then every one else in the palace awoke and went on with his work. The prince took the princess by the hand and led her down

the stairs and they went into the great “hall of looking-glasses” and had supper.

After supper the prince said that his huntsmen and servants were outside the hedge waiting for him and that he must leave her but that he would come again on the morrow.

The next day the prince came with his father and mother to the palace and the king and the queen thought that they had never before seen so lovely a princess and they were filled with joy that their son had had the good fortune to find her and waken her.

And the princess went with the prince to his kingdom, and there they were married and—*ils vivrent heureusement pour toujours*—(they lived happily ever afterward).

(Retold from the old French Tale.)

JEANNE D'ARC

LONG ago, in France, near the little village of Domremy, stood a great beech-tree with wide-spreading branches. Beneath its cooling shade in summer-time the children played and danced about. They loved the old tree because there was a wonderful story about it—that sometimes at night tiny fairy hands pushed aside the clumps of green moss on the ground and the fairies who lived down among the roots of the tree came out and danced in the moonlight. And that these fairies loved children and were sorry when they did wrong or were unhappy. Once a year, in the spring, the children held a feast under the old tree and ate little cakes and danced and sang and twined garlands of flowers about its trunk and hung wreaths from its branches because they knew that the fairies loved flowers. And the tree was called the “Fairy Tree.”

Beneath the “Fairy Tree,” with the other

children, played a little girl—a little girl, who, when she grew up, became the bravest woman whom the world has ever known—Jeanne d'Arc.

When Jeanne d'Arc played under the "Fairy Tree" in Domremy she seemed just like any other happy child. She lived in a cottage with her father and mother and three brothers and little sister. She played every day with the other children of the neighborhood and she was a busy little girl, too. She helped her mother cook and sew and spin and weave and knit, and she helped her father tend the sheep. Her father kept sheep and she loved to care for them, to lead them to pasture and to watch them there that no harm came to them. There were white sheep and black sheep and little lambs in the fold and each one had a name and knew her voice and came when she called.

Jeanne dearly loved her father and mother and brothers and sister and her playmates and all the kind friends, old and young, in Domremy. But as she grew older there were two things which she loved better than anything else.

She loved to go into the quiet church next door to her home, and to look up at the pictured saints who seemed to smile down upon her from their places in the windows; and, best of all, she loved her own dear country, France.

And so the years passed and she grew from a child to a young girl, and then one day a very strange thing happened to her.—She was out in her father's garden among the flowers when she seemed to hear a voice speaking softly to her. The Voice said, "Be a good girl, Jeanne. Mind your father and mother and go often to church." She was surprised and puzzled and yet she was strangely happy, for it seemed to her that it was a message straight from heaven and she felt that she must obey.

After that she often heard voices speaking to her, and then, one day, the Voice told her that she must leave her home and go to lead the French army into battle to save her king and her country.

For almost a hundred years France had been at war with England. A great many of her brave soldiers had been killed and the French



SHE HELPED HER FATHER TEND THE SHEEP.

had lost heart. The King of France was an old man and was about to leave his throne to his son, the young Prince Charles. Jeanne d'Arc knew all this and she knew that France needed some one brave and true-hearted to help her and the young Prince.

And the Voices told her that France must be saved from the English, and that she, Jeanne d'Arc, was the only one who could do it.

Jeanne was only a young girl and she thought that she could not do such a great thing. She thought, "Why, I am but a little girl. I know nothing of war. I cannot fight. How can I save France?"

But because the Voices told her again and again, "Only you, Jeanne d'Arc, can save France," she came to believe, and because she loved France so much, she obeyed the Voices.

And so when she was seventeen years old she left her home to go to Prince Charles. The old King had died and Prince Charles had not yet been crowned King of France. The kings of France, for many years, had been crowned in the great Cathedral at Rheims, but

all the country about Rheims was held by English soldiers and Prince Charles could not go to Rheims to be crowned until the English soldiers had been driven away. And Jeanne wished to go to Prince Charles to ask him to give her an army to lead against the English.

First, she went to her uncle in a city near by and he took her to one of the officers in another city. When she told her story to him and to others they thought it very strange that a young girl should think that she could lead an army into battle. But she had so much faith and courage that at last they trusted her and helped her to go to Prince Charles.

When the Prince heard that she was coming he dressed himself in the plain robes of one of his ministers and the minister wore the royal robes and sat upon the throne. Prince Charles said, "She has never seen me and if she knows me I shall believe that she was truly sent by Heaven to save France."

And so Jeanne entered the court of Charles where there were more than three hundred knights and many courtiers and ladies, all richly dressed. She saw the man sitting on

the throne, but, to the surprise of every one, she passed the throne, and walking between the glittering lines, she went at once to the Prince, and kneeling before him, her face lighted with joy, she said, "You are the Prince, and no other!" And then she said, "Through God's help, I will save France."

And Prince Charles could not but believe.

To Jeanne was given a great army, mounted on horses, and clad in glistening armor, with sharp and shining swords, and banners held high. And leading this great army, on a wonderful white horse of her own, came Jeanne d'Arc. In her hands she carried a banner blue as the skies. On it was a white dove and the words:

IN THE NAME OF THE KING OF HEAVEN.

She knew that God would help her and the army of France.

Into battle she dashed. "On! on!" she cried, "we cannot fail!"

On they went to victory and the English were driven from Rheims. And soon after that, Prince Charles came to Rheims, and there

in the great cathedral, with Jeanne standing beside him, he was crowned King of France.

All this happened more than five hundred years ago, but Jeanne d'Arc has not been forgotten. She never will be forgotten. All France treasures the memory of the girl who so long ago saved France, and the little children of France call her their own "blessed Saint Jeanne d'Arc," and all the world remembers her as the bravest woman who ever lived.

(Version by the Story-teller.)

STORIES OF BELGIUM

“This is the story that the old woman who was called Tante Sanna told to the little boy who would always be talking.”

SUGAR-CANDY HOUSE

JAN and Jannette were brother and sister. They lived near a big wood, and every day they used to go to play there, fishing for sticklebacks in the streams, and making necklaces of red berries. One day they wandered farther from their home than usual, and all of a sudden they came to a brook, crossed by a pretty little red bridge. On the other side of the bridge, half-hidden among the trees, they espied the roofs of a little pink cottage, which when they came closer, they found to be built entirely of sugar-candy! Here was a delightful find for a little boy and girl who loved sweets! They lost no time in breaking off pieces of the roof and popping them into their mouths.

Now in that house there lived an old wolf whose name was Garon. He was lame in one leg, and could not run very fast, but in all other respects he was as fierce and strong as he

had been in his youth. When he heard Jan and Jannette breaking off bits of his roof he growled out, "Who is touching my Sugar-Candy House?" Then he came limping out to see who it was, but by that time the children were safely hidden in the woods.

"Who dares to touch my Sugar-Candy House?" roared the wolf again. Then Jan replied:

"It's the wind so mild,
It's the wind so mild,
That lovable child!"

This satisfied the old wolf, and back he went to his house, grumbling.

The next day Jan and Jannette once more crossed over the little red bridge, and broke some more candy from the wolf's house. Out came Garon again, bristling all over.

"Who is touching my Sugar-Candy House?" he roared.

And Jan and Jannette replied:

"It's the wind so mild,
It's the wind so mild,
That lovable child!"

“Very well,” said the wolf, and he went back again, but this time there was a gleam of suspicion in his eye.

The next day was stormy, and hardly had Jan and Jannette reached the Sugar-Candy House than the wolf came out, and surprised them in the very act of breaking a piece off his window-sill. And now there was no time to hide.

“Oho!” said he. “It was the ‘wind so mild,’ was it? ‘That lovable child,’ eh? Precious lovable children, I must say. Gr-r-r, I’ll eat them up!” And he sprang at Jan and Jannette, who took to their heels and ran off as fast as their legs could carry them. Garon pursued them at a good speed in spite of his stiff paw, and although he never gained upon them, yet he kept them in sight, and refused to give up the chase. The children looked back once or twice, and saw that the wolf was still following them, but they were not very much afraid, because they were confident of their ability to outrun him.

All of a sudden they found their way barred by a river. There was no bridge across it, and

the water was very deep. What were they to do? Nearer and nearer came the wolf!

In the middle of the river some ducks were swimming, and Jan called out to them: "Little ducks! Little ducks! Carry us over the river on your backs, for if you do not the wolf will get us!"

So the ducks came swimming up, and Jan and Jannette climbed each on the back of one, and were carried safely over to the other bank.

Presently the wolf, in his turn, came to the river. He had seen how the children had managed to cross, and he roared out to the ducks in a terrible voice, "Come and carry me over, or I'll eat you all up!"

"Very well," answered the ducks, and they swam to the bank, and Garon balanced himself on four of them, one paw on the back of each. But they had no intention of carrying the wicked old wolf to the other side, for they did not love him or any of his tribe, and, moreover, they objected to his impolite way of asking a favor. So, at a given signal from the leader, all the ducks dived in mid-stream, and left old Garon struggling in the water. Three



JAN AND JANETTE RAN OFF AS FAST AS THEIR LEGS COULD CARRY THEM.

times he went down and three times he came up, but the fourth time he sank never to rise any more.

That was the end of old Garon, and a good job, too, say I.

I don't know what became of his Sugar-Candy House, but I dare say, if you could find the wood, and the sun had not melted the candy, or the rain washed it away, you might break a bit of it off for yourselves.

And—

“This is the story that the old woman who was called Tante Sanna told to the little boy who would always be talking.”

(From *Folk Tales of Flanders* by Jean Bosschère. Used by permission of Dodd, Mead and Company.)

THE CHORISTERS OF ST. GUDULE

THE miller of Sandhills had a donkey which had served him well in its time, but was now too old to work. The miller was a careful man, who did not believe in feeding useless mouths, so he decided that he would sell the donkey for the price of its skin. "I do not suppose I shall get very much for the wretched beast," he said, regarding poor Greyskin as he stood with hanging head in his stall, "but I shall save the cost of his corn, anyhow, and that is always something."

Left alone, Greyskin reflected sadly upon the fate in store for him. "Such is the way of the world," he thought. "When I was young and hearty nothing was too good for me; now I'm old and useless I am to be cast out. But am I so useless after all? True, I can no longer pull a cart to market, but I have a magnificent voice still. There must be a place

somewhere for one who can sing as beautifully as I. I'll go to the Cathedral of St. Gudule, in Brussels, and offer myself as a chorister."

Greyskin lost no time in acting upon his resolve, but he left his stable immediately and set out on the road to Brussels. Passing the Burgomaster's house he saw an old hound sitting disconsolately on the doorstep.

"Hello, friend!" said he. "What is the matter with you? You seem very sad this morning."

"The matter is that I am tired of life," answered the dog. "I'm getting old and stiff and I can no longer hunt hares for my master as I used to do. The result is that I am reckoned good for nothing and they grudge me every morsel of food I put into my mouth."

"Come, come, cheer up, my friend," said Greyskin. "Never say die! I am in a similar case to yourself and have just left my master for precisely the same reason. My plan is to go to the Cathedral of St. Gudule and offer my services to the master of the choir. If I may say so without conceit, I have a lovely voice—one must make the most of

one's gifts, you know—and I ought to be able to command good pay."

"Well, if it comes to that," said the dog, "I can sing, too. I sang a lovely song to the moon last night, and if you'll believe me, all the people in our street opened their windows to listen. I sang for quite an hour, and I'd have gone on longer if some malicious person, who was no doubt jealous, had not thrown an old boot at my head."

"Excellent," said Greyskin. "Come along with me. You shall sing tenor and I'll sing bass. We'll make a famous pair."

So the dog joined company with Greyskin, and they went on together towards Brussels. A little farther down the road they saw a cat sitting on the rubbish-heap outside a miserable hovel. The creature was half-blind with age, and had a face as long as a fiddle

"Why, what is the matter with you?" asked Greyskin, who had a tender heart.

"Matter enough," said the cat. "I've just been turned out of house and home, and all because I took a little piece of bacon from the larder. Upon my honor, it was no bigger than

a baby's fist, but they made as much fuss as though it had been a whole gammon. I was beaten and kicked out to starve. If I could catch mice as I used to do, it would not matter so much, but the mice are too quick for me nowadays. They laugh at me. Nothing remains for me but to die, and I hope it may be soon."

"Nonsense," said Greyskin. "You shall live to laugh at all your troubles. Come along with us and sing in the choir at St. Gudule. Your voice is a little too thin for my own taste, but you'll make a very good soprano in a trio. What do you say?"

"You give me new hopes," answered the cat. "Of course I'll join you," and so the three went on together.

Towards nightfall they arrived at a farm-yard, on the gate of which a cock was crowing lustily.

"Hello!" said Greyskin. "What's all this about?"

"I am singing my last song on earth," said the cock. "An hour ago I sang a song, although it is not my usual custom to crow in the afternoon, and as I ended I heard the

farmer's wife say, 'Harken to Chanticleer. He's crowing for fine weather to-morrow. I wonder if he'd crow so loudly if he knew that we had guests coming, and that he was going into the pot to make their soup!' She has a horrid laugh, that woman, I have always hated her!"

"And do you mean to tell me," said Greyskin, "that you are going to stay here quite contentedly till they come to wring your neck?"

"What else can I do?" asked Chanticleer.

"Join us, and turn your talents to account. We are all beautiful singers and we are going to Brussels to offer ourselves as choristers at St. Gudule. We were a trio before. With you we shall be a quartet, and that's one better!"

Chanticleer was only too glad to find a means of escape, so he willingly joined the party, and they once more took the road. A little while afterwards they came to a thick wood, which was the haunt of a notorious band of robbers. There they decided to rest for the night, so Greyskin and the dog lay down be-

neath the shelter of a large beech-tree, while the cat climbed on to one of the branches, and Chanticleer perched himself at the very top. From this lofty post he could see over the whole wood, and it was not long before he espied a light, twinkling among the trees not far away.

“There must be a house of some sort over there,” he said to his companions. “Shall we go and see? We may find something to eat.”

“Or some straw to lie upon, at any rate,” said Greyskin. “This damp ground gives me rheumatics in my old bones.”

“I was just thinking the same thing,” said the dog. “Let us go.”

So the four choristers, led by the cock, walked in the direction from which the light came, and before long they found themselves in front of a little house, the windows of which were brilliantly lighted. In order to reach to the windows the animals made a tower of their bodies, with Greyskin at the bottom and Chanticleer at the top.

Now this house was the abode of a band of robbers, who, at that very moment, were seated

before a table laden with all kinds of food. There they sat and feasted, and poor Chanticleer's mouth watered as he watched them.

"Is there anybody inside?" asked the dog, who was impatient.

"Hush!" said Chanticleer. "Men! They're eating their dinner!"

"I wish I were eating mine," said the dog.
"What are they eating?"

"All sorts of things—sausage, and fish . . ."

"Sausage!" said the dog.

"Fish!" said the cat.

"And ever so many other delicacies," Chanticleer went on. "Look here, friends. Wouldn't it be a fine thing if we could get a share of their meal? I confess that my stomach aches with hunger."

"And mine, too," said the dog. "I've never been so hungry in my life. But how are we to get the food?"

"Let us serenade them, and perhaps they'll throw us something as a reward," said Greyskin. "Music, you know, has charms to soothe the savage breast."

This seemed such a good idea that the chor-

isters lost no time in putting it into execution. All four began to sing. The donkey hee-hawed, the dog howled, the cat miaued, and the cock crowed. From the noise they made one would have thought that the heavens were falling.

The effect of this marvelous quartet upon the robbers was instantaneous. Leaping from their seats, they ran from place to place in mortal terror, tumbling over one another, oversetting chairs and adding to the racket by their shrieks and cries. At that moment the cock fell against the window, breaking the glass to smithereenes; the donkey gave the frame a push, and all the four precipitated themselves into the room. This was the last straw; the robbers could stand no more; half-mad with fear they rushed to the door and fled into the forest.

Then our four choristers drew up to the table and set to work upon the food with which it was laden. Their long walk had given them a good appetite, so that there was little left by the time they had finished. Feeling drowsy after their meal, they then settled themselves

to sleep. The donkey made himself a bed on a heap of straw in the yard; the dog stretched himself out upon the mat by the house door; the cat lay among the warm cinders on the hearth; and the cock perched upon the roof-tree. A few minutes more and they were all fast asleep.

Meanwhile the robbers, who had retreated some distance into the forest, waited anxiously for something dreadful to happen. An hour passed by and there was neither sight nor sound to alarm them, so they began to feel a little ashamed of their cowardice. Creeping stealthily nearer to the cottage, they saw that everything was still, and that no light was showing from the windows.

At last the robber chief sent his lieutenant to spy out the land, and this man, returning to the cottage without mishap, found his way into the kitchen and proceeded to light a candle. He had no matches, but he saw two sparks of fire among the cinders on the hearth, so he went forward to get a light from them.

Now this light came from the cat's eyes, and as soon as puss felt the robber touch her, she

sprang up, snarling and spitting, and scratched his face. With a scream of terror, he dropped his candle and rushed for the door, and as he passed, the dog bit him in the leg. By this time the noise had awakened Greyskin, who got upon his feet just as the man ran by, and helped him forward with a mighty kick, which sent him flying out into the roadway. Seeing this, the cock on the housetop spread his wings and crowed in triumph, "Cock-a-doodle-do!"

I wish you could have seen the way that robber ran! He covered the ground so quickly that he seemed like a flying shadow, and I am perfectly certain that not even a hare could have overtaken him. At last, panting for breath, he rejoined his comrades in the forest, who were eagerly awaiting his return.

"Well," cried the chief, "is the way clear? Can we go back?"

"Not on any account," cried the robber. "There's a horrible witch in the kitchen. Directly I entered, she sprang at me and tore my face with her long claws, calling out at the same time to her creatures to come and devour

me. As I ran through the door one of them buried his fangs in my legs, and a little farther on, in the yard, a great black monster struck at me with an enormous club, giving me a blow that nearly broke my backbone. On the roof, a little demon, with wings and eyes that shone like coals of fire, cried, 'Stop him! Eat him! Stop him! Eat him!' You may guess that I did not wait for more. It is a miracle that I have escaped with my life!"

When they heard this terrible story the robbers lost no time in decamping, and such was their terror that they deserted the forest altogether and went away to another part of the country. The result was that our four friends were left to dwell in the cottage, where they lived happily for the rest of their lives, and as they had now everything that they wanted, they gave up their idea of going to St. Gudule.

(From *Folk Tales of Flanders* by Jean Bosschère. Used by permission of Dodd, Mead and Company.)

THE STORY OF KAREL AND PATOU

KAREL was a little boy who lived with his father and mother, Father and Mother Maes, in the little village of Diest, in Belgium. He was nine years old when the war began; not very old, but he was already a great help to his father and mother. He fed the chickens, and hunted the eggs, and watered the vegetables and pulled weeds in the garden, and did all sorts of useful things. He had never heard of soldiers and of war. He had no brothers and sisters; there were no other children of his own age living near with whom he could play, and he was often quite lonely.

Late one afternoon, when it was beginning to grow dusk, he was working in the garden watering the vegetables; how he did hate the garden! In the heat of summer there was never a bit of shade there and the hot rays of the sun seemed to burn right through his little

hat. He hated to pull weeds—it was such tiresome work. The long rows of cabbages seemed to him but so many dull and stupid heads with no eyes to see—but most stupid of all, he thought the potatoes, that, with eyes to see, yet stayed down in the ground where there was nothing to be seen. And he had no liking for the peas, shut up in their little tight green houses with never a friendly door to open that one might see how many were inside. And now he hated it all more than ever. It seemed to him that he was the loneliest little boy in all Belgium, and he was thinking that if he only had a dog to sit close by while he pulled weeds, and to run back and forth with him when he brought water from the well—what fun it would be.

And then he began to think of fairies—and of wishing-stones—and he wondered if there might not be a wishing-stone in that very garden, on which if he stood and wished ever so hard for a dog, he might not have his wish. He straightened up to look about him, and then—his eyes grew large and round with amazement—for there—standing just inside

the gate was—a dog! He stood with tail drooping, and anxiously lifting from the ground first one forepaw and then the other, as if in doubt whether to stay or to run away. Karel held out his hand and started to walk toward him. The dog began to tremble, and then he turned and ran out at the gate. “Why, he’s afraid of me!” said Karel. He went to the house and told Mother Maes about the dog and she gave him a dish of milk, and a bone, which he carried out and left just inside the gate. He did not see him again that night but next morning the dish was empty and the bone was gone. All that day Karel watched for the dog and late in the afternoon he looked up from his weeding and there he stood again, just inside the gate. As he looked, the dog sat up on his hind legs, his paws drooping, as if begging that no one would hurt him. “I wouldn’t hurt you, old fellow,” said Karel. He came quite close to the dog—but just as he reached out his hand to pat him—he ran away. That night, Karel left food near the gate for him, and the next night he came again, and sat up begging, his wistful brown eyes fixed on

Karel's kind little face. This time he did not run away, and when once Karel had laid his hand on him he had no fear, but followed him everywhere at his heels. And Karel named him—Patou.

Soon Father and Mother Maes were almost as fond of Patou as Karel was. He was fed and petted by Mother Maes, and he ran in and out of the house as he pleased. At night he slept on a piece of carpet on the floor beside Karel's bed—and if Karel awoke and spoke, a friendly tail would go thumping on the floor.

And there were no more lonely days for Karel, with this new playfellow always with him. It was such fun to go back and forth watering the vegetables, with Patou dancing about him. The weeds seemed to come up more easily now that Patou sat near to watch. The vegetables all seemed so friendly; he even began to like the cabbages, and sometimes, he almost imagined that he could hear the peas whispering together in their little houses. With Patou there, the garden was quite a different place!

One day, Father and Mother Maes and

Karel worked all day in the garden. Patou followed close at Karel's heels everywhere that he went. At noon they had lunch, and afterward Karel and Patou took a nap under a tree, and then back to the garden they went. When six o'clock came it was time to stop work in the garden. Karel shut up the chickens for the night, Father Maes fed the pig and milked the cow, and Mother Maes got the supper. When supper was ready, Father Maes and Karel came into the house and they sat down at the table. Father Maes said grace—and everything tasted so good, for they were very hungry. Patou, of course, had his bone. Karel was so tired and sleepy that more than once he nodded over his bowl of bread and milk.

“Come, Karel,” said his mother, as soon as they had finished supper, “hurry to bed as fast as you can go. The sandman comes early to-night.” Karel climbed the stair to his little room under the eaves, Patou at his heels, and soon they were fast asleep.

Such a long happy day as it had been!

But the next day everything was changed.

In the night they were awakened by the sound of horsemen riding down the street and shouting, "Awake! Awake, Burghers!" And then the bell in the church steeple began to ring.

Father and Mother Maes sprang out of bed, awakened Karel, and they dressed and ran into the street—Father and Mother Maes and Karel and Patou. They found all of the people of the village hurrying toward the square.

On the steps of the Town Hall stood the Burgomaster. He said, "Friends, there is bad news! It is of war. The army of the Germans is even now at our border. You are needed to defend your country. You are called by your king to go at once to Brussels. Do not stop—but go at once." For a moment no one spoke or made a sound. It had all happened so suddenly. And then the men turned and looked at their wives and children. Some of the women began to cry, and the little children clung to their mothers' skirts and cried too; not knowing why—but because their mothers did.

Father Maes stood as if dazed, and then he

turned to Mother Maes and Karel and said, "It will be for only a little time; I shall soon come back."

He laid his hand on Karel's head and said, "And now, my son, you must be the man of the house and help your mother. You must be as brave as a soldier, even though you cannot fight. Our country needs brave boys as well as men."

The farewells were soon said and the men started down the road—Mother Maes and Karel smiling bravely through their tears at Father Maes—and Patou standing close beside his little master. Once, Father Maes turned and waved his hand at them. When he was out of sight Mother Maes began to cry. But only for a moment, and then she stopped crying and tried to smile again, and she said, "Whatever happens, we must remember that we are Belgians and be brave. Is it not so, Karel?" For like all Belgian mothers, Mother Maes was a brave little woman.

Mother Maes and Karel and Patou went back to the house and had breakfast. After they had eaten, Mother Maes fed and milked

the cow, and Karel fed the chickens and the pig. It was very hard for him to lift the heavy pail of feed and pour it into the trough, but Karel thought of what his father had said—that he must be the man of the house—and he did the best that he could. He only spilled a little of the feed on his wooden shoes, which really did no harm—and there was no one near but Patou to see. Mother Maes and Karel were so tired that they did not do much work that day. They worked a while in the garden, and did the necessary things and went to bed almost before it was quite dark.

The next day they worked all day in the garden. After supper they walked down the street to talk with their neighbors—and the talk was all of the war. And the news was not good; the German army had crossed the frontier and was coming toward Diest.

That night Mother Maes and Karel talked of what might happen should the German army reach Diest. "We can only trust God," said Mother Maes. "If we should become separated, remember that Mother will surely find you again. And you must always re-

member that you are the son of a brave Belgian soldier, and that you, too, must be brave."

The next morning they awoke early. The sun shone so brightly that it did not seem as if anything could be wrong anywhere. After breakfast, Mother Maes said, "We will begin to dig the potatoes to-day." Karel got the hoe and the fork and they went into the garden. Mother Maes dug the potatoes and Karel followed her down the rows and picked them up and threw them into a basket. Patou lay near by watching them.

Suddenly, Mother Maes glanced down the road and she cried, "Look! Look!" Karel looked, and he saw, what seemed to him, an endless line of soldiers on horseback. The German army was coming! Karel and his mother stood and watched them; there was nothing else to do. Soon a great many of the soldiers—tall men, wearing strange peaked helmets and gray uniforms—came walking down the road. When they saw Mother Maes and Karel, two of them came in at the gate. One of them took Mother Maes

roughly by the arm and marched her out of the garden. The other laid a heavy hand on Karel's shoulder to hurry him after his mother—and then—Patou, with a growl, sprang at the soldier and bit him. The soldier kicked Patou, and with a howl, poor Patou rolled over on the ground and lay still. Karel screamed and struggled to get away, but the soldier hurried him along, and soon he found himself in the midst of a crowd of women and children—some of them neighbors, and others whom he had never before seen; the soldiers shouting to them to hurry along to the public square. He could not see his mother. Karel lagged a bit and the soldier shook him—and then, in some way, he slipped from a soldier's grasp, tripped and fell, rolled over to the side of the road, and was left behind. The long line of women and children continued to pass but Karel lay quite still. After a while he got up and crept away unnoticed into the field and hid behind a haystack not far from the road. He was lonely and frightened. He thought that he would stay hidden until dusk and then he would go home—perhaps his mother might

come back there—and, at least, Patou would be there. Poor Patou!

Once, he went out to the road to look for Mother Maes but there was no one to be seen but some German soldiers and he did not dare to question them and so he went back to the haystack and lay down on the hay. He was so tired that soon he fell asleep. When he awoke it was dusk. Slowly he found his way home. The house was in darkness. When he came to the gate he heard a soft bark and a whine. It was Patou! There on the ground, just inside the gate, he lay.

“Oh, Patou! Patou!” he cried.

The dog struggled to his feet and tried his best to walk but he could not. Karel knelt on the ground beside him. Patou’s leg was hurt.

In some way Karel managed to carry him to the house. The doors stood wide open.

“Mother! Mother!” he cried, but no one answered. His mother was not there.

He carried Patou into the house and bandaged his leg the best that he could. By this time it was quite dark but he did not dare to

light a candle. He ate some bread and cheese and gave a bone to Patou, and then he went out of doors to look about. The cow and the pig were gone—there was not even a chicken left on the place. He looked down the street—there were no lights and no one in sight. He and Patou were all alone. He went into the house and lay down on the floor beside Patou.

The next morning before daylight, he took out to the barn enough food and water for the day, and then he carried Patou out there and they hid in the hay. He was afraid that the soldiers might come again.

That evening at dusk he started to go to the house for food and water. When he had gone but a few steps he heard Patou whine. He turned and saw that the dog was trying to get to his feet to follow him. He went back and tucked him snugly into the hay and patted him on the head. Then he took off his hat and laid it on the hay and said, "My hat, Patou. Watch it until I come back!" Patou lay quite still as if he understood.

For several days they stayed there in the

barn; Karel going every night to the house for food and water. Once, a company of German soldiers passed down the road, but they did not know of the little boy and the dog hidden in the barn. Each day Karel hoped that his mother would come, but she did not. The days were very long and lonely.

After a while Patou began to walk about a little on three legs, and Karel knew that their supply of food would soon be gone and he felt that they must be going on. And then, too, he must look for his mother. And so, one night, they started, Karel taking as much food as he could carry, and Patou limping along the best that he could, with his lame leg. They traveled sometimes by day, but mostly by night, and after a few days they no longer saw German soldiers, but met kind people who gave them food. And they were always looking for Mother Maes—but they did not find her.

And then, one day they came in sight of long rows of tents and they saw many soldiers in Belgian uniform. Two of the soldiers whom they first met were Americans. When

the Americans saw Karel and Patou, one of them said, "See the little fellow and the lame dog!" Karel and Patou were, indeed, a sorry sight; Karel was pale and ragged and dirty; and poor, thin Patou limped along on three legs.

The soldiers asked Karel his name and where he was going. Karel told them of Father and Mother Maes, of the coming of the German soldiers and of how Patou had tried to defend his master, and of how they had come such a long way alone and how hard it had been for Patou to walk, and of how they had looked for Mother Maes and could not find her. And—last of all—he said, "But I must be brave because Father said that even though I cannot fight I must be as brave as a soldier. And Mother said that I must never forget that I am the son of a Belgian soldier."

"You and Patou are both brave Belgians," said the soldiers.

Karel and Patou were taken to a tent where they were fed and cared for, and Patou's leg was properly bandaged. And the two Americans decided to adopt Karel and Patou, but

it was not safe for them to stay there with them and so they were sent to the Red Cross Headquarters in Brussels. There they found a great many other little Belgian boys and girls who had become separated from their parents. Karel was given a white bed in a long room with other children, and soon he and Patou were great friends with the nurses and children, and, with good food and care, Karel's cheeks grew plump and rosy, and Patou's leg became well, and once more he ran leaping and barking at his little master's heels.

And every day they went out to look in the streets of the city for Mother Maes. So many mothers they saw, who had lost their little children—but no Mother Maes. Karel became quite discouraged.

And then, one day, when they were out walking, suddenly, Patou gave a joyous bark, and away he ran toward a woman who was coming down the street. When he reached her, he sprang upon her, barking and wagging his tail. And Karel saw that it was—his mother! She saw him and stood with outstretched arms.

For a moment she held him close to her heart. And then he looked up and said, "Oh, Mother, it was Patou who found you!"

His mother told him that she had searched everywhere for him but that she could not find him. She told him that his father had been wounded and was in a hospital not far away. And, before many days, Karel and Patou went to the hospital to see Father Maes. He had been wounded in the leg and would get well, but he would never again be able to fight for Belgium.

And if you have never been a long time away from your father and mother you cannot know how happy Karel was.

As soon as Father Maes was well enough to leave the hospital, they went back to their home in Diest. Many of the houses in the village had been destroyed by the German army, but fortunately Father Maes' home had been left standing. The first day, Karel and Patou were so glad to be home once more that they went racing about looking at everything —Karel was even glad to see the cabbages that he had once so hated.

And so, Father and Mother Maes and Karel and Patou are living in their own little home in Diest. Karel often has letters from the two American soldiers who adopted him and Patou, and they sent to Karel an American flag, which he proudly hung beside the flag of Belgium, for which his father had fought.

(Told by the Story-teller.)

THE END

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